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{ FROM BEGINNING  
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## CONTENTS.

- I. **America's Problem in the Philippines.** *By Hugh Clifford* . . .  
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE 515
- II. **The Peers and the Education Bill.** *By the Archbishop of Westminster* . . .  
NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 525
- III. **Wild Wheat.** Chapter XXIX. *Fellow Sinners.* Chapter XXX.  
Discoveries. *By M. E. Francis.* (To be concluded.) . . .  
LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE 529
- IV. **The Possibility of an Intelligence in the Plant.** *By S. Leonard Bastin* . . .  
MONTHLY REVIEW 536
- V. **A Middle-Aged Drama.** *By Violet Jacob.* PALL MALL MAGAZINE 542
- VI. **Some Tendencies in Modern Music.** . . .  
EDINBURGH REVIEW 551
- VII. **Mr. H. G. Wells and the American Sphinx.** *By Sydney Brooks* . . .  
OUTLOOK 565
- VIII. **"Puck of Pook's Hill"** . . . . . LONDON TIMES 569

## A PAGE OF VERSE

- IX. **A Walk with Tennyson, 1855.** ("The Federation of the World.")  
*By Arthur G. Butler* . . . . . SPECTATOR 514
- X. **Love in Rags and Tatters.** *By Nora Chesson* . . . . . SPEAKER 514
- BOOKS AND AUTHORS . . . . . 573



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## A WALK WITH TENNYSON, 1855.

(*"The Federation of the World."*)

Ah! and what is it, to tread on air,  
When the winds are silent, the night is  
fair,  
And the soulless moon wakes souls to  
prayer;

To walk with a poet, who tells his  
faith,  
With a deep low voice, in a bated  
breath,  
Of a good in evil, a life in death?

And, ah! what is it to look below  
Where the wavelets murmur with lips  
of snow,  
And hear him murmur, "I see, I  
know!"

And not one doubt in his kindling eye.  
And not one cloud in the vault on high,  
And a temple-silence in earth and sky!

And then what is it, as life flows on,  
And the times are darkened, the seer  
is gone,  
To think of the light that once has  
shone!

Of a peaceful down and a rock-built  
seat,  
And the Ocean-whisper beneath our  
feet,  
And the marvellous voice, so rich, so  
sweet;

That sung—Was it song, or the magic  
wand  
Of a music-king with a sceptred hand,  
When the heart-strings thrill at his  
strong command?

As he said or sung—it was a song to  
me:  
No nightingale chanting full and free  
Ever charmed the night with such  
minstrelsy—

While he spake of the slow unfolding  
plan,  
Of the lifted curse, and the broken ban,  
And the evening glow on the hopes of  
man;

Till last, as the wars and tumults  
cease  
And the sighing of prisoners finds re-  
lease,

The long death-struggle is closed in  
peace;

And the hatreds vanish, the barriers  
fall,  
And the nations flock to a common  
call,  
And one heart of brotherhood beats in  
all.

Then home at last through the twink-  
ling furze

As the lark with her young ones  
wakes, and stirs

At a song up in heaven, half God's,  
half hers.

*Arthur G. Butler.*

*The Spectator.*

## LOVE IN RAGS AND TATTERS.

Love goes in rags and tatters  
That wore the sun and cloud,  
The rainbow for his girdle, the moon  
upon his wings;

Rain falls and nothing matters,  
Wind blows and waxes loud,  
Love fallen out of loving heeds no such  
little things.

Night frowns and no more flatters  
With dreams as once of yore;  
The day is open-eyed and cold at heart  
as any stone.

Love goes in rags and tatters,  
For he has spent his store,  
And cast into an empty heart the riches  
of his own.

His dreams the rough wind scatters  
As they were thistledown.

The empty heart he tried to fill is  
careless as a pool,

Whose waters have no bottom, but  
gray and still and cool,

Invite poor Love to plunge there and  
drown there for a fool.

Love goes in rags and tatters—

Love, will you starve or drown?

*Nora Chesson.*

*The Speaker.*

AMERICA'S PROBLEM IN THE PHILIPPINES.\*

That the Filipinos, in common with other brown peoples, must be ruled by a paternal government for their own good, not led to cherish a vain hope that the power they would only misuse, will some day be placed in their hands, is the cardinal axiom which the Americans, in the face of all their republican predilections and theories, are bound to accept if they would bring the enterprise upon which they are engaged in the Philippines to a successful issue.

These words taken from an article contributed by me to this magazine just four years ago, embodied the conclusion to which a study of the problem of the Philippines seemed to me then inevitably to lead, and all that has occurred since they were written tends only to confirm their truth. Eighteen months later, another independent and friendly observer, Mr. Alleyne Ireland, whose long residence in the United States has bred in him a deep sympathy with its people, added his testimony to mine. "To expect," he wrote "that the American institutions can find a permanent home in the Philippines, after the control of affairs has passed out of American hands, is to disregard every natural force which has contributed since the beginning of the world to the differentiation of racial types." And he clenched his opinion with the biting comment that "the American people seem prepared to accept hope rather than experience as the basis of their policy."

To every person possessed of any real understanding of administrative work in Asia the aforesaid opinions appeal, not as a question of theory, but as a proposition fortified by the whole

mass of Oriental history, against which there is nothing more substantial to oppose than the baseless hope of a young, enthusiastic, and, in the matter of the government of Orientals, totally inexperienced people. In these circumstances it would hardly appear at the first glance to be worth while once more to break a lance in defence of what practically all Anglo-Asiatics regard as the bare teachings of common-sense; but there has recently been published in America a book containing the most detailed and scathing criticism of American rule in the Philippines that has yet appeared, the concluding chapters of which profess to show how the disastrous blunders of the past are in the future to be remedied. The author of this book, Professor Parker Willis, writes with authority so far as his facts are concerned, and has made of the questions with which he deals a close and painstaking study. He does not belong to the number of those Americans who regard a somewhat unreasoning faith in the capabilities of their race as a sufficient answer to all criticism. He realizes, with a fine blending of sorrow and anger, that the administration of the Philippines has from first to last been one long record of blunders, extravagance, and failure. He does not base these assertions upon mere opinion, but proves them by facts and figures of incontestable accuracy. He shows that the American civil servants employed have been expensive and incompetent to an extraordinary degree, and that their numbers have been nearly thrice that which Great Britain considers necessary for the administra-

\*"Our Philippine Problem: A Study of American Colonial Policy;" by Henry Parker Willis, Ph.D., sometime Armour-Crane Trav-

elling Fellow in the University of Chicago, Professor of Economics and Politics in Washington and Lee University. New York, 1906.

tion of the three hundred millions of souls who inhabit India. He shows that the salaries given have been fairly high, far higher than the finances of the Philippines warrant, and that they have none the less been too small to attract men of the required type. He shows that the local government system, of which so much has been made, is the sorriest make-belief; that the educational system, upon which one-fifth of the whole public revenue is expended, is conferring scant benefits and producing but poor results; that the social and economic conditions in the islands have changed woefully for the worse since the advent of Americans raised prices without securing to the population any compensating measure of prosperity; that the finances are hopelessly unsatisfactory, and that the islands make an annual charge of \$20,000,000 upon the revenue of the United States; that the economic legislation introduced has been dictated to Congress by interested parties in America and has wrought ruin in the Philippines; that the business situation is sadly depressed, and compares very unfavorably with that which prevailed in the worst days of Spanish rule; that the rural and agricultural conditions are worse than at any previous period in the recorded history of the archipelago; that hardly any public works of value have been constructed since the beginning of the American occupation; and finally that no great benefits, such as peace, prosperity, or contentment, have been conferred upon the people since the battle of Manila Bay was fought and won.

All these things Professor Willis shows in merciless fashion, making good every inch of his ground by quotations from official statistics and State-papers, and no careful reader can follow him through his narrative without finding himself in hearty agreement with his conclusion that the Phil-

pino to-day under American rule is far worse off than he was under the dominion of Spain. To produce such a state of things in less than a decade it is obvious that there must be something radically defective in the system which has brought about these results, and this indeed is also the conclusion at which Professor Willis himself arrives. So far also we can follow him. It is when he turns from matters of fact and embarks upon questions of theory that we are driven to part company from him; and it is precisely because he has described the disease in such detail, and has made of it so accurate a diagnosis, that it appears to me to be interesting to glance at the remedies which he advocates, and to examine, so far as is possible in the space at my command, the main causes of the ailments which they are designed by him to cure.

In the first place it must be premised that Professor Willis is a convinced anti-Imperialist, not on account of the belief which he and many of us hold that colonial empire must, to the United States, be a source, not of strength, but of weakness, but because he disapproves of it on principle. "Fundamentally," he writes, "the problem of Imperialism is simply whether considerations of ethics or political expediency can be such as to justify the assumption of control by one nation over another." To this question Professor Willis returns a rather scornful negative. For that school of Imperialism to which, for instance, Holland belongs, the school which holds that the principal end of colonial expansion is the profit to be gained by the Mother Country directly or indirectly, we have as little sympathy as Professor Willis himself; but we as certainly rank ourselves with the second group of apologists, as he is pleased to call them, who, "speak of the government of the

lower races as a 'trust for civilization' imposed by some unknown (?) power or authority upon the nations highest in the scale of thought and material progress."

When, however, Professor Willis ascribes to the holders of this opinion the view that it is "the practical duty of the Western nations to diffuse as widely as possible their own institutions, laws, etc., imposing them upon the peoples under their control, and gradually educating these people to the point where they can appreciate and adopt the institutions offered to them," we are tempted to believe that his study has been confined to the primers of his own nation.

Sane Imperialism, we maintain, must be completely unselfish, but must shun all false sentimentality and unwise enthusiasms. It must take history,—the history of mankind in the temperate and in the tropical zones—and must deduce what *will be* from what *has been*. It must recognize that "the institutions, laws, etc.," and specially the institutions, which have been evolved by the peoples of the temperate zone are the direct product of the natural political genius of those people, and that the records of tropical Asia, records which stretch back into an antiquity infinitely more ancient than that which bears the name in Europe, supply no instance of any similar evolution. We all know that it is possible to grow strawberries and other purely European products in tropical climates under certain conditions and by means of much care and labor; but the fruit thus produced is tasteless, insipid stuff, even when it is pleasing to the eye, and if left to itself the imported plant speedily degenerates, displaying a tendency to die out or to assume little by little a type approximating to some cognate indigenous growth. The analogy holds absolutely good of political institutions of a purely European origin

when translated from their proper environment. The history of the American continent supplies a convincing proof of this. The people of North America broke away from their allegiance to Great Britain; the peoples of South America severed themselves from the empire of Spain. In each case republics resulted; yet while the United States has always remained a republic, not in name only, but in fact, the republics of South America have in every instance developed into a series of more or less unstable autocracies. In the latter countries, as we all know, revolutions have been of almost annual occurrence; but if you have the patience to examine the story of these miniature upheavals you will find that their object in every instance has been the same,—to replace one autocrat by another, not to bring about a closer return to the republican model. Why is this? The answer comes readily enough. It is accounted for, we say, by the difference which subsists between the character of the people of the United States and the character of the natives of the South American republics. Precisely; but that difference, when all is said and done, is the difference between men who are the product of temperate climates as opposed to men who are natives of the tropics; and once again the truth, which the whole of recorded history contributes to prove, is made manifest,—the truth that as surely as the political genius of temperate Europe makes for democratic institutions, so surely does the political genius of the natives of the heat-belt make for autocracy. This is not the place in which to push our enquiries into the causes of these phenomena, though the explanation will be found in the conditions of life which in their turn cause the native of the temperate zone to be remarkable for his energy and the inhabitant of the heat-belt to be notorious for his

inertia. The fact which is of importance in the present connection is that all history confirms the truth above stated, and that any form of Imperialism which aspires to create successful political institutions of a democratic type among tropical peoples opposes a groundless hope to a solid mass of recorded fact. Such Imperialism may be generous, may be noble, may be distinguished by a dozen high-sounding virtues, but it is repugnant to common-sense, and in that much is not eminent for its sanity.

Professor Willis, however, numbers himself among those who believe "that, in the nature of things, no such control can be legitimately exercised by any one set of men over another, and that such control, if permanently assumed, can never avoid the taint of selfishness." Behind any such dogmatical statement of opinion it is not easy to penetrate, but granted that "such control, if permanently assumed, can never avoid the taint of selfishness," does the dominion of Great Britain in the East, let us say, stand thereby condemned? We think not. In order to find an answer to the question it is necessary to remember two things; firstly, that the political genius of the natives of the tropics makes invariably for autocratic forms of government, and secondly, what has been the nature of the autocratic governments in all recorded history throughout the heat-belt when they have been unfettered by extraneous influence exerted by the peoples of the temperate zone. In other words, given the necessity for an autocracy, what is the best guarantee that can be obtained that that autocracy will be benevolent? Again the teachings of history must be called into the discussion, for it must be admitted by every serious student of the subject that the age-long records of Asia supply no parallel to the benevolent administration of the British auto-

crats who to-day guide the destinies of India, of Burmah, and of the greater part of Malaya. And herein we hold lies the justification for the control exerted by white men over the brown races. We may and do make mistakes; in the past we have committed, and in the future we may again commit great crimes, though each year renders the probability of history repeating itself in this particular direction increasingly unlikely; there may even be a "taint of selfishness" discernible to those who seek for it, though the tale of the souls and bodies of Englishmen who have spent themselves ungrudgingly in the service of our Oriental fellow-subjects is long indeed. Let us grant all these things, and grant them unreservedly, if you will; but when all has been said that can be said, the stubborn fact remains that never in all their history have the three hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics whom we rule to-day enjoyed a measure of personal freedom, security, and peace such as now is theirs. We do not vapor about democratic institutions for Asiatic populations in India or in the Federated Malay States, —the latter supply the more appropriate parallel to the Philippines—but within five years after our entry into Malaya proper the troubled Native States of the peninsula knew a degree of prosperity, a deep contentment, and an unbroken peace such as a decade of American rule in the neighboring archipelago has not yet so much as begun to imitate.

The reason for this is supplied in ample measure by the body of Professor Willis's book. The policy of the United States in all its commercial dealings with its new dependencies has been distinguished by more than a "taint of selfishness." The same may be said for the policy of the Dutch in Java and their other Eastern colonies; but the Dutch from the first have grasped the

truth that autocratic government is the only form of administration suited to the peculiar genius of the tropical Oriental, and if the rule of Holland has been selfish, it has at any rate been firm and strong. Let the Americans purge their government in the Philippines from the "taint of selfishness" by all manner of means; but if they would restore the troubled islands even to that poor measure of peace and prosperity which they knew under Spanish domination, they must make their government strong and firm, and they must recognize that a strong and firm government in the East must of necessity be autocratic. In a word, it behooves them to create an autocracy and thereafter to take every conceivable precaution to insure its benevolence.

In the concluding chapter of his book Professor Willis begins by testing the value of the Philippines considered as an asset of the United States. He finds, to summarize his conclusions briefly,

(a) That the Philippines can never serve as a field for true colonization, because of the entire incapacity of the races inhabiting temperate regions to adapt themselves to the climate.

(b) That the Philippines will not prove of advantage in the development of American trade with China and the East, because they do not lie upon the highway of any American trade-route.

(c) That the Philippines cannot furnish a satisfactory field of activity to young Americans who wish to enter upon administrative work, thus opening careers closed to them at home.

(d) That the islands constitute a continuous draft on the treasury of the United States of not less than \$20,000,000 annually;

(e) That the islands require the continuous presence of at least one-fifth of the regular army of the United States at its present enlisted strength,

and a suitable naval force, for the maintenance merely of domestic order.

(f) And finally that "the islands are a source of expense and trouble to the American people as a whole, and our occupation, thus far, has been injurious to the native population."

Concerning these findings there is something to be said, though it must be admitted that they are accurate, and each one of them is a logical deduction drawn from the facts and figures supplied to us on undeniable authority in Professor Willis's book. The fact that the climate of the Philippines makes "true colonization" impossible to the races inhabiting temperate zones applies with equal force to Great Britain's possessions in the East. On the whole, we maintain, this is an advantage in the case of a country whose people are the children of a tropical environment. The white man's ideal and that of the brown or black races are diametrically opposed, as mutually antagonistic as are the Gospel of Energy and the Doctrine of Ease, and so soon as white men begin to undertake "true colonization" in a land which is not their appropriate habitat the chances of successful compromise become very limited. In some cases, as for instance in Australia and Tasmania, the indigenous population is gradually thrust out of existence by the invading colonists; in others, as in the republics of South America and some of the West Indian islands, each successive generation of white men tends to approximate more nearly to the ease-loving character proper to the natives of the heat-belt; in others again, as in South Africa, where the native race is strong and numerous, the conflict becomes more and more constant and increasingly acute. In every one of these cases the balance of power rests with the white men, what time the white men have learned to regard the land as their home and have acquired

in it, in the course of several generations, big local interests. This in the natural course of events makes for an oligarchical government, and poor human nature being what it is, a benevolent and unselfish oligarchy is something like a contradiction in terms. The despotism is there beyond all doubt, but all the elements of detachment which furnish the best security for the altruism of British rule in the East are of necessity lacking. In the case of the Philippines, therefore, it is precisely because true colonization is frustrated by climatic conditions, and because the men, who make the administration of the islands their life-work, cannot make of it also the permanent home of themselves and their descendants, that it is possible for the United States to establish a despotism and to guarantee that that despotism shall be benevolent.

It must further be admitted that the Philippines are little likely to confer upon the United States any important trade advantages, but once for all the American people should bid farewell to any desire to reap personal profits from their new possessions. The "exploitation of the Philippines," as described in detail by Professor Willis, supplies a chapter in their history of which Americans have scarce cause to be proud. There has been much high-sounding talk about representative institutions, autonomy, and the like,—all things which are unsettling to the native population in the present, and would be injurious to them in the future if vague dreams were to materialize; but the practical benevolence of an altruistic and liberal commercial policy has not been able to withstand the pressure of Wall Street or the temptation to attempt to form an American "corner" in Manila hemp.

Professor Willis's third proposition, that the Philippines can furnish only a restricted field of activity for the bud-

ding administrators of America, is equally true; and, indeed, the impossibility of inducing the required type of man to quit America and to devote all the days of his life to the task of administering a tropical dependency, in return for a salary such as the finances of the Philippines can afford to pay, is the cardinal fact which drives many observers to despair of the United States ever succeeding in bringing the task that has been thrust upon them to a satisfactory issue. Great Britain, owing in part to the pressure of population, in part to the law of primogeniture which produces the ubiquitous younger son, and in part to the less universal prevalence among us of the wealth-hunger, is in this respect in a totally different position. For many decades, probably for several centuries yet to come, similar conditions will not repeat themselves even in a shadowy form in the United States; but meanwhile it may be laid down as an axiom that the successful administration of a tropical dependency rests upon the white men entrusted with the work being content to devote their lives to it, being satisfied with sufficient but moderate salaries, and being recruited from the best men the governing nation breeds,—best, that is to say, not in the brilliancy of their qualities, but in the soundness of their character, the purity of their public morals, their appreciation of the meaning of responsibility, and their sterling common-sense. Are there any reasonable grounds for supposing that, in the absence of the pressure which, operating in our own case, forces an annual exodus from our shores of men of the type of our Eastern civil servants, the United States can hope to send out to the Philippines a constant supply of men of the necessary calibre? If so, it is the future, not the past or the present, which is to witness the miracle.

That the Philippines constitute an an-

nual draft of some four million sterling upon the treasury of the United States need not greatly distress a rich and generous people, provided always that the money so expended is adding appreciably to the sum total of happiness, peace, and prosperity in this work-a-day world. Professor Willis's two concluding propositions, that a fifth of the regular army and a suitable naval force are required for the "maintenance merely of domestic order," and that the American occupation has been "injurious to the native population,"—the soundness of which latter conclusion is abundantly proved by the book before us—show this immense expenditure; however, in a wholly different light. To inflict injury and purchase failure for an annual outlay of four million sterling is a financial venture which it would be vain to expect any body of taxpayers in the world eternally to endure or even temporarily to approve.

And so Professor Willis turns him from the facts as he finds them and begins to prescribe remedies. He notes that the Filipinos were "on the whole an orderly and controllable people under Spanish rule," but ignoring the fact that this was largely due to the fact that Spaniards did not vapor about representative institutions, and that albeit the Spanish despotism was far from being uniformly benevolent, it was a despotism and therefore in no wise foreign to the political genius of the natives, Professor Willis proceeds to prove, very much to his own satisfaction, that the grant of autonomy to the Filipinos will be a sovereign remedy for all the troubles of the archipelago.

He quotes, with appreciative endorsement, a statement by Dr. David J. Doherty of what that gentleman is pleased to describe as the "national assets" of the Filipinos. These are:—

1. *The Filipinos are the only Christian people in the Orient.*

To which, with all reverence, it must be rejoined that experience raises the question as to whether Christianity is well adapted to the temperament of the brown Oriental races in their present state of moral and intellectual development; that it is undoubtedly less markedly suited to them than is Mohammedanism; and finally that the Christianity of the average Filipino (and here I speak from personal knowledge) is so overlaid with superstition as to be indistinguishable from a rude form of pantheism. It has had very little influence upon the general conduct of the people, and it has failed signally to render them even fairly moral.

2. *They are the only Oriental people who ever attempted to form, or even dreamed of forming, a modern republic.*

The writer of that sentence would appear to be laboring under a confusion of ideas. What is a modern republic? What evidence is there that the average Filipino has the slightest understanding of the meaning of the term? What really happened was, not that the Filipinos dreamed of establishing anything of the kind, but that some of them united to fight the Spaniards, being egged on thereto by certain leaders, autocrats every man of them; and that if they had succeeded, they would have formed a government which might have been called a republic, just as that name is applied to the governments of certain South American States, but which, equally with them, would in deed and in fact have been an autocracy or an autocratical oligarchy. The obliteration of rank among the Filipinos which had been brought about by three centuries of Spanish domination, alone prevented any of the leaders, such as Aguinaldo, for example, from assuming the title of king instead of that of president,

and aiming at a throne in name, as well as in fact.

3. *As a race their stock has been elevated above the level of other Oriental and tropical races by marriage intermixture with the Spaniards and by three centuries of contact with European civilization. . . . They recognize one another as Filipinos as freely as Saxons and Bavarians know each other to be Germans.*

How far elevation is the correct term to apply to the well-known effects of Eurasian intermixture may be left with confidence to the judgment of any person possessed of any real, first-hand knowledge of the East and its peoples. The production of a large half-breed population, to much of which clings the stain of bastardy, was one of the most cruel injuries inflicted by the Spaniards upon the Filipino people. The East does not take kindly to the breed in any case, but when the imported blood is Latin the qualities of character produced are not commonly of a kind to encourage the most sanguine. Similarly, no impartial observer of things Oriental can find room to doubt that "contact with European civilization," whenever that phrase stands for the breaking down of the time-honored, harmless, and often beautiful customs of an Asiatic people, makes, not for improvement, but for deterioration. As soon as the native of Asia falls to imitating the West (Japan alone among Asiatic people has added a faculty for adaptation to that of mimicry), as soon is he divested of much of his robust self-respect, as soon is he robbed of much that can never be replaced, so soon is he injured morally in a measure to which some slight addition to the material comfort of his environment supplies no adequate compensation. This is a common-place of experience, and the explanation is simple. The Oriental in his natural, unmarred state holds, with a supremely

confident faith, the doctrine that his own race is the first of all the races. When contact with European civilization induces him to mimic men of an alien breed, it robs him of his belief in this tenet, and in so doing deprives him of much that makes him at once self-respecting and respectable. The only exception is Japan, but Japan is an exception precisely because she has not been content with mimicry. She has taken what she saw was of value, not slavishly, but with a clear-sighted appreciation of its defects, and thereafter she has bent her genius to adapting it to her uses and to the idiosyncrasies of her national character, improving upon it wherever opportunity offered. The intellectual and moral energy of the Filipinos has not been equal to any such task as this, and for them close contact with civilization has spelled moral deterioration. As for the alleged unity of national sentiment among them, whatever it may be held to prove, the natives of the Philippines recognize one another as Filipinos precisely as Malays recognize one another as belonging to the same race, or as, say, Englishmen and Americans recognize one another as Anglo-Saxons,—no more and no less. If it is seriously claimed by Dr. Doherty that the Filipinos form a homogeneous nation, some proof more convincing than this must be produced before we can accept an opinion so foreign to that held by the vast majority of unprejudiced observers.

4. *The Filipinos are not hostile to strangers, to foreign culture or to foreign speech.*

A study of the records of early travel in Asia shows conclusively that no Asiatics, not even the Chinese, were in the beginning inspired by any innate detestation of strangers. That such a sentiment has since manifested itself is due to the aggressive action of Europeans themselves which has had the

effect of putting the East, so to speak, on the defensive. The feeling of hostility, the absence of which in the Filipino is claimed for him as a national asset, is to-day, as a natural consequence, in some sort the hall-mark of moral and intellectual vitality in the case of an Oriental people. Where it has ceased to exist, those who have lost the feeling will be found to have exhausted their powers of resistance to European aggression, and to be, in other words, a people of spent energies and slackened vitality.

6. *Their moral is of a high order. The death-rate (which unfortunately is large) is much overtopped by the birth-rate.*

No one who knows the Filipino will deny to him the virtue of courage, and it is interesting to note that it is a virtue which contact with the gallant Spanish nation might reasonably be expected to stimulate, rather than to decrease. Similarly, the half-breed populations of South America have frequently given proof of the possession of high courage. For the rest, like all Malayan people, the Filipinos are prolific and as a rule show no signs of early extinction. Rabbits also can claim this advantage, but it does not make them a capable ruling caste.

7. *The Filipinos already have a considerable native Press.*

To the student of things Oriental Dr. Doherty's list of the Filipino's national assets becomes increasingly bewildering. The kind of native Press which exists in the Philippines is an almost unmixed evil. It is conducted by denationalized Filipinos who have acquired in Europe a contempt of their own race, an envy of white men, and vague desires, not to develop the Filipino along the lines proper to his genius, but to convert him instantly and miraculously into a European. They have been fed upon frothy French and Spanish revolutionary literature, strong

meat even for the intellectual stomach prepared to receive it, and which in their case has occasioned acute mental indigestion. They fail to a man to apprehend that the institutions of Europe are the slow growth of centuries, the natural fruit of a long process of evolution and development, the results of certain innate characteristics of the people who have produced them. They cannot grasp the great truth that representative institutions, if such things are suited to the character of a people, must come to them, if they are to be successful, as the ultimate result of a slow process of national growth and development, and cannot be conferred upon them with any satisfactory results by a mere stroke of the pen. Yet the autocratic republics of South America should alone suffice to prove the absolute soundness of this proposition. With the Filipino journalists, who must not be supposed to speak for their race, but only for the clique of semi-Europeanized half-breeds from which their numbers are recruited, ginger is ever hot in the mouth, and as a factor that makes for constant unrest in the archipelago the native Press must be regarded as a very mischievous concern. Remember also that it appeals chiefly to the semi-Europeanized Filipino, that these men belong to a highly excitable race, and one moreover which lacks judgment and ballast to a conspicuous degree. Remember also that the Filipinos are a people who from the beginning of time have been wedded to autocracy, that their natural instinct is to follow a leader with valorous blindness, that the American system of government has been so contrived that there is no individual at its head, and that the Asiatic is ever prone to take a man, even a journalist, at his own valuation of himself. Thus we are presented with a pack of sheep searching for a bell-wether, the Americans, the men

who could lead, declining to do so, and the leadership falling little by little into the hands of vamping agitators whose chief claim to distinction is that they are paltry imitations of the revolutionaries of France and Spain. As a national asset the possession of a native Press does not strike the impartial mind as anything upon which the modern Filipino can with sincerity be congratulated.

8. *The status of the Filipino woman is distinctly Western. She is not the slave nor the toy of her husband, but she is his partner and helpmate.*

This is true, in a sense, but Dr. Doherty has been misled by a chance resemblance. The status of the Filipino woman is not Western but Malayan. Even Mahomedanism has failed to condemn the Malay woman to seclusion, or appreciably to alter her status, and Christianity has never had any tendency in that direction. It is certainly a good thing, especially for the women, but its precise bearing upon the question in hand is not equally obvious.

9. *On certain matters of public policy in recent years the Filipino has shown that he occupies a positively Western stand-point. He has opposed the licensing of the opium traffic. He has opposed the introduction of Chinese contract labor.*

Dr. Doherty in his enthusiasm allows his admiration for the native Press to run away with his judgment. The native Press, which is a purely Western product, and aims to appeal principally to the semi-Europeanized Filipinos, has done these things and has taken, as it takes of every question from the salutary effects of representative institutions for the islands downward, a "positively Western stand-point"; but this Press does not speak for, because it is quite ignorant of, the common sentiment of the natives of the Philippine archipelago. To ascribe the

theories and opinions of this Press to the average Filipino shows a radical misunderstanding of the position and an equal incomprehension of the character of the people themselves. That, unfortunately, is the curse under which the Filipinos labor. The voice of those among them who are least distinctively of them, and who therefore shout the loudest and in a fashion which white men can understand, is persistently mistaken for the voice of the whole body of Filipinos. As a matter of fact there is no such voice. The people are silent, patient, and inarticulate. You must know the native very thoroughly, must have learned to follow the tortuous twists of his thought, must have won his shy confidence, ere ever you can hope to find out what he really feels and thinks. It is much easier to skim the scum and froth from the surface than to bring up the pearls from their hidden places in the depths. The Americans have hitherto devoted themselves exclusively to the first more facile and perfectly futile task.

And therefore, encouraged by the wealth of these "assets," with which it is so fatally easy to play at ninepins, Professor Willis sees nothing for it but the grant of autonomy to the Philippines, under American protection, as has been done, with results now so edifying to all the world, in the case of Cuba. It is just possible that a government not appreciably more vile than that of some of the South American republics might be evolved by the Filipinos, but the attainment of that ideal is hardly calculated to inspire enthusiasm. We confess to a preference, in the interests of the great, silent, patient, inarticulate mass of the Filipino people, for the altruistic autocracy of the kind which we have established in British India.

Meanwhile, by their own showing,

the Americans have failed conspicuously in a field of activity which their fellow Anglo-Saxons have made their especial province. Are they prepared to accept failure as final? Are they ready to confess to all the world that, in spite of all the fine talk with

which they have inundated us during the past decade, they are incapable of doing their share of the white man's work in Asia, and of lifting on to their broad shoulders their proper portion of the white man's heavy burden?

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

*Hugh Clifford.*

### THE PEERS AND THE EDUCATION BILL.

We are approaching the last stage in the consideration of the ill-omened Education Bill. It has already passed through many vicissitudes, and has assumed a shape little like that in which it came forth from the lips of the originator on the night of the first reading in the House of Commons. It has gradually become more hopelessly and inconsistently unjust; but after the weariness of prolonged discussion there are, evidently, comparatively few who desire its absolute rejection, because they are reluctant to enter once again on fresh argument in a matter of which all are growing unutterably weary.

The House of Lords cannot change a Bill which is radically bad and fundamentally unjust into a good measure. The most that the Peers can hope to effect is to soften down some of the most glaring inconsistencies of the Government project, and to work it into such a form that it may last until the country is ready for a rehearing of the whole question. No one, even in the Ministry itself, and least of all the Minister of Education, can imagine that a definite and lasting settlement has been reached, or that the scheme upon which so much of the public energy has been wasted will prove a workable arrangement enduring for any long space of time.

Still at this last moment it may not be amiss to recall once more the points

in which the rights of Catholics are violated by the proposals of the Government; those in which Catholics look with confidence to the House of Lords for redress; and those upon which they intend to insist in the future whenever they have an opportunity of asserting their claims.

Catholics have asked, as a matter of right, for Catholic schools for the children of Catholic parents; for Catholic teachers in those schools; and for Catholic oversight of the religious teaching and influence which shall prevail in the schools to be frequented by such children. The first effect of the Bill, as it now stands, would be to destroy by starvation half of our schools. The Government know well that owing to our poverty, and owing to the demands continually made upon us for the building and maintenance of churches, the support of clergy, the foundation and upkeep of numberless institutions of charity, it is simply impossible for us to build, keep in repair, and maintain the public elementary schools which are needed for our children without our due share of those public funds to which we make our full contribution. Our rural schools and our schools in town districts which are not urban areas are 243 in number—all these are doomed. In the urban areas 254 other schools will be lost, because we are compelled by law to admit Protes-

tant children, whom we have no desire to receive. At least an additional ninety-three schools will be excluded from participation in public aid because there is no Council school in the area. Thus we know for certain that no fewer than 590 out of our 1,056 Catholic schools are in imminent danger of destruction as a result of the proposals of the Liberal Government. A recent and very careful calculation has shown that, owing to the operation of other clauses in the Bill, a total representing eighty per cent. of our schools will be placed in jeopardy.

Next we have no guarantee whatever that our children will be entrusted to the care of Catholic teachers even in the few schools that we are to be allowed to retain. We are told that of course, at first, things will continue as they are at present, and that there is naturally no intention of displacing the teachers who are now employed. Then we are assured that hereafter, when teachers resign or die, Local Authorities are so wise and considerate that they will without doubt appoint Catholic teachers, where there are Catholic children in sufficient number to constitute a Catholic school in the sense in which the Board of Education may be pleased to accept the term. We are given this assurance in face of persistent insistence on the undefined shibboleth, "No tests for teachers." What meaning are we really to attach to this cry? If it signifies that no man or woman is to be debarred from entering the teaching profession on account of his or her religious opinions, well and good; we are all agreed. But if it is to be understood that children, whose parents desire that they should receive, day by day in school, definite religious teaching, are to be placed under the care of those who may not be asked whether they believe or do not believe, whether they practise or do not practise, that creed which it will

be their duty to impart, then emphatically never was there more misleading nonsense uttered than this parrot-cry, "No tests for teachers." And it is the duty of Ministers to tell us definitely what they do mean and what they do not mean, and not to leave the country to vague uncertainties on fundamental questions, or to ask us to put implicit trust in the good intentions of Non-conformist authorities.

Lastly, the unchanging and absolutely consistent attitude of the Catholic Church on the question of religious teaching receives no recognition at all. With us the Bishops are the Divinely appointed guardians of such teaching. It is part of their pastoral duty to prescribe the matter and the manner of the instruction of Catholic children in all that pertains to the faith. This duty they discharge by the examination of those who are to teach, so that they may be satisfied as to their knowledge and capacity; by the periodical inspection of the schools; and by prescribing the catechisms to be taught, and the amount of knowledge to be acquired according to the age of the children. These are things which, according to the discipline and tradition of the Catholic Church, are all of them outside the competence of any lay or civil authority. Yet the intentions of the Government place us in every one of these matters absolutely at the mercy of the Local Authorities, who will be free to usurp functions which are in our eyes necessarily and inalienably attached to the pastoral office.

We look to the House of Lords to do at least four things.

First, the illogical and foolish restriction of the extended facilities, granted under clause 4, to urban areas with a population of over 5,000 is indefensible. Both the limitations in this clause ought to be abolished; for rights of conscience ought to be re-

spected in all areas, great or small, in the case of those who live in the country as well as of those who dwell in towns. We shall, without admitting for an instant the justice of such an arrangement, be content to maintain our schools in those few places where the Catholic school is the only school in existence; for therein the Local Authority may feel obliged to provide an alternative school for the children of Protestant parents, although they are only now awaking to this necessity and have been quite content to use our schools in the past. Even in these cases there is no reason that any fair-minded man can assign why we should be deprived of Parliamentary grants if our schools are efficiently maintained; but this, probably, is a question of finance outside the control of the Upper House.

Next, some means must be devised whereby the parents of the children who attend the school can, in a legal and constitutional manner, give effective utterance of their wishes as to the management of the school and the choice of the teachers who are to be responsible for the teaching imparted in it. This is a matter of vital importance for the reason that our parents will, as a general rule, not be content to send their children to a school unless they can be satisfied that the teachers are really Catholics in spirit and practice, no less than in name and profession. The mere word of the Local Education Committee will have small value in their eyes in a question of this kind. Such provision is also absolutely necessary if grievous wrong is not to be done to our institutes of devoted religious women. These Sisters in hundreds have given their lives to the work of elementary teaching. They have shrunk from no toil of labor or self-sacrifice to fit themselves for their task, to which they devote not a few years only, but

their whole working lives. Those who know them, be they Catholic or non-Catholic, and who have been eye-witnesses of their work, will give ready testimony to their merits. Often they are superior to all competitors in their intellectual acquirements, and in the refinement and culture of their minds. Even when they are less well provided with professional distinction, they are almost invariably deserving of the very highest consideration on account of the high moral influence which they exercise over the children, and the spiritualizing power which they are able to exert in the formation of their characters. What is to become of these teachers, of the greatest value in our eyes, and well deserving of special consideration at the hands of the nation? Are they to be thrown out of employment, are their inestimable services to be discarded? This must of necessity be the case if parents are to have no voice at all in the selection of the teachers for our schools. I need not allude to localities where well-known bigotry would most certainly exclude such teachers simply because they wear a distinctive religious dress. For one such instance there will be a hundred where Local Education Committees will fail to retain or to secure the appointment of our Sisters, simply because these authorities are as a rule profoundly ignorant of the great teaching organizations existing in the Catholic Church, and, when they do know of their existence, are often quite unable to appraise their value and merits. A great and glaring injustice, of which, perhaps, Ministers are totally oblivious, will certainly be inflicted on these earnest and most capable teachers, if their chance of appointment is to rest absolutely in the hands of Local Authorities, and our parents are left without a clear, definite, and statutory means of making known their desires

in a matter which is to them of the most extreme importance.

Thirdly, the monstrous provision that, as soon as twenty-one per cent. of Protestant children have been placed in our schools, which were not built for them and have no desire to receive them, these unwelcome intruders may claim the right of depriving our Catholic children on many days of the week of the definite religious teaching which their parents desire for them, must be very considerably modified. No one can quite understand how parents are to make their wishes known under the provisions of this part of the Bill; and it is quite possible that the regulations of the ballot may be of such a character as to conceal rather than to declare their real desires. All these matters call for very careful consideration and amendment in the House of Lords.

Lastly, we look to the Peers to make it unmistakably evident that there is to be fair play all round. If any one form of religious teaching is to be provided at the public cost, then alternative forms must be provided in the same manner. If there is to be no such provision for the teaching of the Catholic Catechism, there must be none for the so-called simple Bible Teaching, for Undenominationalism, or for any other indefinite belief. Nonconformists must surely see the justice of this contention. They have declared that they are unable, for conscientious motives, to pay rates for the teaching of the doctrines of the Church of England or of the Catholic Church. They have been ready to suffer disquiet and imprisonment rather than violate their conscience in this respect. They must be well aware that the teaching which they are ready to accept is certainly no whit less abhorrent to us than our teaching is to them. How can they, with any sense of honor or of conscientious considera-

tion, call upon us to do that which on their own principles they must regard as a sinful and immoral act? The promoters of this Bill have in this matter shown themselves shamelessly unjust: they are using two weights and two measures, and they are treating the public funds as though they were the property of Nonconformists only. Rates are taken impartially from Catholics, from Jews, from members of the Church of England and from the adherents of the Nonconformist bodies. With equal impartiality they must be employed in the service of all, without invidious discrimination.

These are the points that we feel justified in urging upon the attention of the House of Lords. If they are taken into account, the Bill will become less flagrantly unjust; but conceived, as it essentially is, to give a preference to those who value indefinite teaching, and to hamper those to whom such teaching is worse than useless, it is incapable of transformation into a completely just measure.

But Governments come and pass, and the fight for justice continues. For thirty-six years we have asked for educational equality. At moments we have approached more nearly to it. Now we are rudely cast back again. We shall not be silent on that account. Concurrent endowment is not the impossibility which the Chief Secretary for Ireland endeavored to make us believe that it is when he treated the subject in the House of Commons. It is working well in other countries. With a little reasonableness it might work very well in England, and men may come to see that without some system of that nature there will be neither educational peace nor educational progress in our midst. The religious difficulty cannot be abolished by Act of Parliament. It will continue to exist until it is solved by equitable measures. We shall continue to plead

that our Catholic schools have a right to be as all other schools; that if the latter are provided or rented by the State, rent must be paid for the former too. In face of the Minister of Education's avowed intentions and public declarations a few months ago, who will ask us to be satisfied with the pitiful surrender of principle on this point, into which he has allowed himself to be forced? But be the struggle long or brief, we shall continue it, as we have done through all the changing years since 1870.

Meanwhile, let his Majesty's Ministers take heed. They are entering on a very perilous path. If they have their way, some five hundred Catholic schools will be closed. In five hundred districts Catholic parents will have to face the alternative of depriving their children of education, save such as may be given at home or in ill-equipped and poorly-staffed schools, or of entrusting them to those who, on account of their religious belief or non-belief, are unable to command the confidence of Catholic parents. Is the law to be put in force against these parents; are they to be compelled against their will and against their conscience, to send their Catholic children to non-Catholic schools, taught and controlled by non-Catholics? This is the very grave question which in all earnestness I put to the members of the Government. Let them think again before they create a situation which they will ever after most bitterly regret; and let them remember in time that it is a foolish thing to trifle with men's consciences, above all when those consciences belong to Catholics. At the moment of the General Election, in the public discussions since that time in Parliament and outside its walls, we Catholics have treated this question in its true aspect—namely, as one which intimately affects the religious convictions of our people. We have neither used party weapons nor sought party advantages. As far as the Church is concerned, it is absolutely immaterial whether it be eventually settled by this Liberal Government or their Conservative opponents. In our eyes it is a question outside and above all sectional and political differences. There will be an evil day in store for any political party that dares to disregard our united conscientious cry for justice in the treatment of our elementary schools.

✱ *Francis, Archbishop of Westminster.*

## WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### FELLOW SINNERS.

Though Peter prided himself on being a man, he had, till the day of Prue's departure, retained many characteristics of the boy: his nature was still wayward, unformed, undisciplined; he was totally unfit to rule his own life, still less to rule another's destiny.

And now all of a sudden he had entered into possession of his manhood, and with it man's heritage of sorrow.

Sorrow sat at his board and watched by his uneasy pillow, walked abroad with him, throned itself upon his desolate hearth. Under its stern tuition Peter learned many things, and first of all the bitter lesson of self-condemnation.

Hitherto his own conduct had ap-

peared to him under all circumstances natural and reasonable. He had deemed himself right in resenting Godfrey's high-handedness and his mother's unwarrantable interference. And now his mother was desolate and Godfrey was dead! His fiery wrath at Nathalie's betrayal, his scorn of her careless lover, had seemed to him eminently justifiable; but he asked himself now how he dared set himself up in judgment of another, he who had himself fallen so low.

What measure, indeed, had he meted out to little Prue, how had he requited her passionate love, her untiring devotion?

He had made it plain at the very moment of betrothal that he had but a dead heart to give her, and she had accepted her lot without complaint.

"I won't expect," she said—he could hear her voice faltering now—"I don't look for it really."

All their married life was attuned to the same pitch. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," Prue said. It had never been more than half a loaf; sometimes she had been forced to satisfy herself with the merest crumbs. He had been kind—at the moment of leaving him, the little wife, who would have died for him a thousand times, could find no more to thank him for than kindness.

And she, what had she not done for him, his Brownie, his household fairy, his intimate and most devoted companion? As he sat brooding by his lonely hearth her figure seemed to flit about him, her voice sounded perpetually in his ears—how sweet she was, how bright, how infinitely loving! Dolt that he was not to have appreciated better the heights and depths of her love! At the best he had been brutishly content, blindly complacent, deeming himself well-nigh magnanimous whenever that selfish heart of his was stirred with tenderness. As if any one could

have helped being tender to little Prue!

There was no harsh epithet which he did not apply to himself as he reviewed his own conduct, for the more he dwelt on Prue the heavier was his sense of remorse and shame. How unworthy must he be since the faithful little wife was forced to leave him, how unforgivable the offence which caused her to shudder at his name!

I have said that he had at last entered into his manhood; yet even the dignity of grief could not eliminate the impetuosity of his twenty-three years. His remorse in the passion of its anguish, the completeness of its despair, was entirely youthful.

Mr. Bunning wrote to him once, indignantly upbraiding him for the senseless pride which made him stand aloof from his bereaved mother; the stinging words added to the weight of Peter's burden, but had no other perceptible effect. The Rector did not understand, he told himself: he, Peter, dared not present himself now. Even if he were not for ever outcast from his mother's love, the neighborhood of Prue's refuge was forbidden ground.

Mr. Ullington, to whom, in desperation, the Rector subsequently wrote, expostulated with him in his turn; that worthy gentleman had been much excited over certain paragraphs in the county paper relative to the next heir to the Hounsell property, and Mr. Bunning's letter had increased his curiosity and interest. He sent for Peter and exhorted him lengthily and pompously to fulfil his manifest duty, but Peter sternly announced his determination of remaining where he was.

"I'll not leave unless you are personally dissatisfied with me, sir."

No, as a matter of fact Mr. Ullington was not only thoroughly well satisfied with his services, but somewhat elated at possessing so remarkable a keeper.

"The fellow's a gentleman, and a rich one at that," he remarked subsequently to his friends with a certain triumph, "but he's an independent chap, and, 'gad, he won't leave me!"

After this the silence which enfolded the home of tribulation was broken only by occasional missives from Mrs. Meadway.

Prue was as well as could be expected. Prue was going on pretty fair. Prue didn't seem to be getting up her spirits much—thus the bulletins ran. Once Mrs. Meadway vouchsafed a piece of extraneous information:

"Young Miss Manvers have come back; she do look terrible porely. I don't think it agreed wi' she to be out abroad."

Peter restored the letter to its envelope. What a pitiful world it was, and how little joy could Nathalie's wealth bring her!

But oh, how far away seemed the days when news of her could make his heart beat faster!

His thoughts fastened themselves on an item of the letter of far greater importance to him.

"Prudentia's time can't be far off now," wrote the mother.

Oh, Heaven guide her safely through her ordeal! She had willed to go through it far away from him; how was he punished now for having once unthinkingly, petulantly forbidden her to share his sorrow!

He turned over the envelope, examining the date; the lagging days were so like each other that he scarce identified each.

It was the fifteenth of November. The fifteenth! Nathalie's birthday, the anniversary of the day which had sent him, raging, to seek consolation from Prue; and even then he had driven her sobbing from him. But at night—ah, how sweet had been the trembling voice in the darkness, how vaguely

comforting the sight of that little head thrust forth into the night!

He put the letter into his pocket, and went out again. The short November day was closing in, mists were rising, the leaves lay dank beneath his feet.

All at once lifting his eyes he saw a figure coming towards him through the gloom, walking swiftly, with head carried high and shoulders well thrown back.

Peter continued to advance, gazing at it steadfastly, for he identified it even in the dusk; but the newcomer did not at first appear to notice him, and swung along, idly brandishing his stick. They passed each other and then both wheeled simultaneously.

"It's you, Hounsell?" said Ralph Cheverill. "Look here, I—I rather want to speak to you. You remember when we met here last winter?"

"Yes, I remember."

Cheverill's teeth flashed out in a sudden and rather embarrassed laugh.

"You refused to shake hands with me; you called me a scoundrel; and altogether you attacked me most violently."

"I suppose I did," said Peter.

"You seemed to hint that I had in some way disgraced myself at Monte Carlo; I couldn't imagine what the dickens you were driving at. You had, as I supposed, got hold of some cock-and-bull story—how I couldn't conceive. But it seemed a funny thing to be taken to task for my gambling propensities by a keeper."

"Gambling propensities?" echoed Peter.

"Yes," resumed the other. "I thought so at the time. I've often thought about it since. It bothered me a good bit; for, though I had dropped some money now and then at Monte Carlo, I had never done anything that wasn't straight. Lately, however, I have be-

gun to think you meant something else."

"I did mean something else," said the keeper.

"I have heard one or two things about you lately," pursued Cheverill more diffidently. "Ullington is rather fond of talking about you. Your story is a bit romantic."

No answer came from the tall figure which loomed before him in the dusk.

"We motored past your place the other day—lovely old house."

"Yes; it is a pretty old place."

"And," went on Cheverill with ever-increasing difficulty, "it is close to—within a stone's throw, I may say, of Crayford Croft. I daresay you saw a good deal of Miss Manvers and her niece."

"Cousin," corrected Peter.

"Cousin, I should say. Of course one read all about the will in the papers. I—used to know the younger Miss Manvers very well."

"So I've been told," said Peter.

"Then it was—you really were alluding to her," exclaimed Cheverill eagerly. "I have sometimes wondered if you were, but it seemed so unlikely. Of course you were near neighbors; but—Ullington says you were keeper there."

"So I was."

"The whole thing seems most inexplicable, but I—well, let me try to set myself right in your eyes. Keeper or no keeper, you are an honest fellow. I value your good opinion."

"Perhaps you wouldn't if you knew me better," said Peter in the bitterness of his new-found humility.

The deep sadness of his tone struck the other, and he paused a moment, peering at him curiously through the darkness before resuming.

"We're all sinners, if you mean that; I daresay you've been a bit wild in your day, as I have in mine. But upon my honor as a man and a soldier

you are wrong in supposing me to have behaved dishonorably to Miss Manvers. We had a very good time together—in a perfectly open and innocent way, you know; the chaperon was always somewhere about. I told her at the very beginning of our acquaintance that I could not afford to marry; it seemed to make no difference to her, so after that I let myself go. We had a most pronounced flirtation," he added, raising his hand and unconsciously twirling his moustache. "I'll own as much. It was, perhaps, rather more than a flirtation, for I confess I was madly in love with the girl; if we hadn't both been such paupers we might have been married."

"It's a pity you were quite so prudent," remarked Peter; "Miss Manvers is anything but a pauper now."

"So it seems," returned Ralph. "Well, I followed her to Switzerland, and we played about a bit there. Then I found that the play was likely to turn to earnest, and I—I was awfully cut up but I thought 'twas better not to let things go too far; so I bolted."

"I see," said Peter drily.

For a moment his heart stirred with something of the half-forgotten anger which he had been wont to feel in considering the dealings of this man.

Ralph threw back his head with an uneasy laugh.

"That's my story," he said. "It sounds beastly shabby in the telling. Jove! I think you're about right, Hounsell; I *am* a scoundrel!"

"We are all sinners together," said Peter gravely.

Was Ralph's treatment of Nathalie worse than his own treatment of Prue? he asked himself.

He continued presently in a muffled voice:

"If you'll come with me to my house—'tis but a stone's throw from here—I'll tell you something."

The other agreed, and they walked

together towards Peter's home. All at once the keeper turned to his companion:

"We are all sinners together," he said once more with something like a groan. "God help us, we are sinners. I'll shake hands now."

Ralph extended his hand in silence, and they walked on beneath the chill, dropping trees.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### DISCOVERIES.

The little cottage was in darkness save for the smouldering wood fire, and Peter's first proceeding was to fetch a lamp.

Cheverill, who was feeling curiously expectant and nervous, propped himself against the mantelpiece, whistling under his breath as he waited, and drumming with his stick on a little stool which stood before the hearth. He was presently surprised to see Peter set down the as yet unlighted lamp, and, going quickly towards the stool, move it to a remote corner quite out of his reach.

"Did my devil's tattoo get on your nerves?" inquired the visitor.

Peter made no answer. As the light flared up Cheverill scrutinized closely the face which suddenly flashed out behind it.

"What have you been doing to yourself, man?" he asked. "You've grown ten years older since I saw you last."

Peter allowed this observation to pass also in silence.

Ralph gazed curiously round the room, noting various details with some surprise. The keeper appeared to dwell alone, yet there on the back of a chair was surely a woman's shawl, a little red shawl with fringe; on the window-sill stood a jug containing some autumn branches, gay with rosy berries and crimson leaves; a book lay open on a chair—a large volume deco-

rated with wood-cuts. It seemed to the young man for a moment as if the whole room spoke of some unseen presence, graceful and refined. In truth, Peter, imitating in this the methods of the wife who was half a child, strove in his desolation to solace himself with tokens of her.

"You have a snug little place here," remarked Cheverill.

The other looked round with a sigh. "It used to be," he said.

"Do you live here all by yourself?"

"Yes," said Peter. He adjusted the lamp-chimney, put the glass shade in its place; then, glancing quickly round, closed the book, and restored it to its place on the shelf, picked up the little shawl, and laid it in one of the drawers of the dresser.

"You must be very lonely," said Cheverill.

"I am," returned the keeper.

He went upstairs without further explanation, and presently came back with a small paper packet which he proceeded to open. Still without speaking he took out Nathalie's handkerchief, and handed it to his visitor.

Ralph examined it, and then turned to Peter with a questioning look, the blood rushing over his face:

"How did you get this?"

"She gave it to me."

"She?"

"Nathalie."

"She gave it to you?"

"She gave it to me—to me, Keeper Hounsell, in memory of the Dream-Nathalie. Those were her own words. 'Keep it,' she said, 'in memory of your Dream-Nathalie.'"

"My God!" exclaimed Cheverill, springing to his feet.

"What does it matter to you?" cried Peter. "You did not want her."

The two had shaken hands but a moment before with humbleness of heart as became fellow sinners; now Cheverill glared at the man who was, as he

told himself, his rival. Moreover, he was hot with shame at what seemed to him a personal degradation. The thought that Nathalie had forgotten him stung him, but the knowledge that she had so far forgotten herself as to bestow a love-token on a servant was unbearable.

"Sit down," said Peter. "You have told me your story; now you shall hear mine. You asked me once long ago how I came to be a keeper; well, I left home on account of certain family differences"—here his voice faltered for a moment—"but the reason I chose to lower myself to the position I now occupy was because it was the only means of obtaining access to her. We had frequently met—I loved her—well, as a man loves for the first time; she told me all at once that our meetings must cease, that she was to be practically imprisoned behind the great walls yonder. She suggested jestingly that if I accepted the post of keeper I could see her every day; she had twitted me before—or so I thought—with my unwillingness to make any sacrifice for her. I made the sacrifice," said Peter, his voice unconsciously rising, his manner becoming vehement, "I broke with all I loved, I degraded myself for her sake, and then, when I claimed my reward—"

He broke off. That bygone passion was burnt out, yet the taste of ashes is bitter.

"She refused you!" exclaimed Ralph eagerly.

"She accepted me," returned Peter, with blazing eyes. "She let me think for five minutes that my love was returned, and then when, like any other lover I suppose, I—"

His voice had become almost inarticulate, but he steadied it with an effort.

"She went shuddering out of my arms," he went on, "faint with horror of me. And that was—because of you."

"Because of me?" echoed Ralph.

"Because of you!" repeated Peter. "Because, though you saw fit to run away, you remained still in absolute possession; because, as she told me, she could not tear you from her heart."

"Good heavens!" faltered Ralph, and stood staring at him with starting eyes. "I never imagined for a moment—I never thought—"

"No; that's the worst of it," interrupted Peter with a groan—"we never do think till it is too late."

He dropped into his chair again, his head sunk upon his breast; already his thoughts were miles away from Nathalie or her lover.

"Tell me," said the other, striding across excitedly; "look up, Hounsell, and tell me—is—this—true? Will you swear it is true?"

"I swear most solemnly that every word of it is true," said Peter earnestly; then, with a sudden change of tone, "Go and see for yourself—look into her eyes—look at her face. I couldn't read her face at the time, but looking back now I can understand."

"It used to be a beautiful face," gasped Cheverill.

"It is a beautiful face still, but you have stamped your mark upon it. You remember her hair?"

"Yes, yes, her golden hair."

"Her golden hair is half white now," said Peter grimly.

Cheverill began to pace about the room, much agitated.

"I had no idea of this," he said presently. "Believe me or not as you choose, Hounsell, I never dreamed that the affair went deeper with her than with me. What was it you say she said? That she could not tear me from her heart?"

"Those were her words. And she said, 'I cannot forget him, though he has made my life a torture to me.'"

"Did she say that?" cried Ralph,

deeply moved. "Oh, what a brute beast I have been!"

"She asked me," went on Peter, in the same monotonous voice, "as I stood there before her, mad with rage and disappointment, she asked me to kill her. 'Put me out of my misery,' she said; 'it will be a boon.'"

"What can I do?" exclaimed Cheverill, in a tone full of anguish. "To think she should still care like that! How long ago was it that she told you all this?"

"A year ago on this very day—her birthday. I daresay you didn't remember it was her birthday. She kept me waiting for my answer till the fifteenth of November last year, on the chance—on the remote chance—that you might vouchsafe her some token. But last year you also forgot. I am told," he went on after a pause, during which the other had gazed remorsefully at him, "I am told that she still looks ill and sad."

"But what can I do?" asked Cheverill again. "How will it be possible for me to make amends? I could not go back to her now that she has come into so much money, when I deserted her in her poverty."

"*Many waters cannot quench love*," said Peter.

Even as he uttered the words he was startled at their import.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this," cried Peter, filled all at once with a strange kind of exaltation. "Go to her—she will forgive you."

"I couldn't be such a cad!" returned the other irresolutely.

"Pooh!" exclaimed the keeper. "Is it a finer thing to stand aloof, because of your petty pride, from the woman who loves you than to humble yourself and make her happy? You are the one man in the world for her. *She* won't misunderstand you, and you can snap your fingers at every one else."

The other wrung his hand impulsively.

"I will. I swear I will. I'll humble myself. If she sends me about my business it will be only what I deserve. If not—Hounsell, upon my word, I don't know how to thank you. It was splendid of you to tell me, when you yourself—oh, you are a better man than I—a thousand times better! It is you who should have her."

"I!" exclaimed Peter. "I have a wife of my own."

"A wife!" ejaculated the other. "Why, when were you married?"

"Last December."

Cheverill whistled in astonishment. "I thought you said it was only in last November that you were madly in love with Nathalie."

Peter returned his gaze stoically. Cheverill burst out laughing.

"Well, you weren't long in consoling yourself."

He broke off, scrutinizing Peter's immovable face more closely.

"Perhaps you don't love your wife?" he suggested, struck by a sudden thought.

The blasphemy startled Peter out of his assumed calm.

"Not love her?" he cried. "God help me! I love her with all my soul!"

His voice thrilled with such passion that the other stood abashed. As for Peter, his own words were a revelation to himself. It was not sympathy, not tenderness, not compassionate affection which he felt for little Prue, but love deep and ardent as her own. As her own! Prue loved him. *Many waters cannot quench love*. After his long and miserable groping through the heavy darkness a light suddenly flashed on him—such a light as well-nigh blinded him.

Presently he realized that Cheverill was speaking, and turned to him impatiently.

"What is it you say?"

"I was only asking you where your wife was. You said you lived here all alone."

"Yes, so I do; but it won't be for long."

"Oh, then she——"

"Look here," said Peter. "I'd rather not talk about my wife if you don't mind. Take this little handkerchief and show it to Nathalie. Tell her you know all the circumstances connected with it, and see what will happen."

"You're the best fellow in the world, Hounsell; but upon my soul I think you are the most incomprehensible."

Peter smiled—a very strange smile; the man was really a little mad, Cheverill thought.

"I didn't understand myself till just now," he said. "Good-bye and good luck."

He opened the door, and the other passed out into the darkness.

Yes, it was now absolutely dark, as  
Longman's Magazine.

Peter realized with disappointment; he must possess his soul in patience until the morrow. It would never do to risk alarming Prue by appearing late at night. How many, many weary hours must pass before he could go to her!

Oh, what a blind fool he had been to think her love could die! Gauged by his own he knew it to be everlasting. His immature passion for Nathalie had been but a fevered dream; of late, slumbering yet, he had been oppressed by a nightmare of distrust and despondency; but at length he was awake and the day was dawning.

He took out Prue's letter and conned it eagerly, dwelling on the line in which she thanked him for being kind.

Kind! Little Prue, she did not know that her husband loved her.

Would morning never come, that he might tell her?

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE POSSIBILITY OF AN INTELLIGENCE IN THE PLANT.

It is no exaggeration to say that within the last few years revolutionary changes have taken place in the sphere of human knowledge. More than one orthodox belief has been shaken almost to the point of overthrow by the assaults of our tireless investigators in their search after truth. Startling have been the discoveries of the past, still more so will be those of the future, and at this intermediate stage in the elucidation of nature's problems it were well to cultivate the habit of the open mind.

There are few more fascinating propositions than those which have been advanced in connection with the possibility of an intelligence in the plant. To most people the suggestion may seem to be scarcely worthy of con-

sideration; the point having been settled long ago, to their way of thinking—so fondly do we cling to the traditions of our forefathers. Yet when one comes to approach the matter unhampered by any prejudices, it must be admitted that, far from being settled, the question of plant intelligence, until very recently, has never been the object of any serious inquiry at all. It is now an established fact that plants can feel, in so far as the phenomenon of sensation is understood to be a response to external influence; this being so, there is nothing unreasonable should we go still farther and seek for evidence of something approximating to a discerning power in the vegetable world.

It is always wise to keep before one

the near relations of the great living kingdoms. As is well known, the exact line of demarcation between the two worlds has not been, and probably never will be, definitely fixed; in a sphere of life of which we should be quite unconscious were it not for our microscopes, plants and animals appear to blend imperceptibly together. Higher up the scale it is sufficiently obvious that the organisms have developed on very different lines, although one can never forget the extremely close connections at the start. To animals we freely grant a limited amount of intelligence, and it does not appear that there should be any vital objection to making a similar concession to plants, if due allowance be made for the differences of structure. It is the purpose in the present paper to gather together a few instances which seem to point to the presence of a limited intelligence in the vegetable kingdom; each one of these is either the outcome of personal observation, or else gathered from the record of an indisputable authority. In all cases they are selected as being examples which it is not easy to explain as direct response to any special stimuli, and cannot therefore be referred to as plant sensation.

The interesting group of plants, almost world-wide in distribution, which have developed carnivorous habits, has always attracted a good deal of attention. Each one of the many species offers an infinity of fascinating problems, but for the present purpose it will be sufficient to confine our observations to the Sun Dew group—*Droseraceae*. Our indigenous Sun Dews are attractive little plants, found commonly in bog districts. The leaves of all the members of the family are densely covered with clubbed hairs, and a fly settling amongst the tentacles is immediately enclosed by these organs; meantime, a peptic fluid is ex-

uded from the glands of the leaf. An interesting experiment may be conducted with the Sun Dew, proving that the little plant has a certain discriminating power. Place a tiny pebble amongst the tentacles; these at once close in, it is true, but not the least attempt is made to put out the digestive liquid. How does the Sun Dew know the difference between the fly and the pebble? Still more remarkable were some investigations conducted a few years ago by an American lady, a Mrs. Treat. She proved conclusively that the leaves of the American Sun Dew were actually conscious of the proximity of flies even when there was no direct contact. Pinning a living insect at a distance of half an inch from a healthy leaf, we are told that in about a couple of hours the organ had moved sufficiently near to enable it to secure the prey by means of its tentacles. A member of the same natural order as the Sun Dews—the Venus Fly Trap (*Dionaea muscipula*)—is quite one of the strangest plants in the world. The species, a native of South Carolina, is sometimes grown in glass-houses in this country, and the general form of its leaves must be fairly familiar. Designed in two bristle-fringed lobes, both hinged together, the leaf, when fully expanded, bears a striking resemblance to a set spring trap. On the upper surface of each side of the leaf are arranged three sensitive hairs, and should any object touch one of these, no matter how lightly, the lobes snap up together, the bristles interlock, and the catch, should there be any, is a prisoner beyond any hope of escape. It is not surprising to find that such a highly specialized plant will give us an incontrovertible instance in support of the theory of plant intelligence. The leaf of the *Dionaea* will enclose anything which irritates its sensitive hairs, and to induce the plant to ac-

cept a small piece of cinder, for instance, is a simple matter. But it does not take very long for the plant to find out—how, it is not easy to suggest—that its capture is inedible, and, acting upon this impression, it slowly opens its leaf and allows the substance to roll away. Now try the same leaf with a fly, or even a morsel of raw beef; so tightly clenched are the two lobes that nothing short of actual force will separate them until after the interval of several days, when the plant has drained the fragment of the desired nitrogenous elements. Unless one admits the presence of some kind of discerning power on the part of the *Dionaea*, it is not easy to explain its behavior.

At first sight the study of roots may not appear to be one of entrancing interest, and yet it is likely that these organs exhibit some of the most striking instances of intelligent action to be found in the vegetable kingdom. It was for long a matter for speculation as to the manner in which growing rootlets are always able to direct themselves towards the dampest situations. The explanation of this is probably to be found in the fact that roots are inclined to take the line of least resistance. Thus, place a plant in a pot which is kept constantly standing in a saucer of water, and it is surprising how soon the roots will appear through the hole at the bottom. We may perhaps take it that the roots have not grown downwards thus quickly in order to get to the water, so much as that the soil softened by the capillary attraction of the water upwards has encouraged a speedy development in that direction. On the other hand, in the case of a *Calla* plant, the pot of which was entirely immersed in water, the roots grew upwards almost against the law of gravitation, so as to disport themselves freely in the water. In the last in-

stance it seems to be only half an explanation to say that the roots grew upwards, as they did in the greatest profusion, simply because it was possible that the line of least resistance lay in that direction. Other root phenomena are even more difficult of explanation. Take, for instance, the following typical example so well described by Dr. Carpenter that one cannot do better than give his own words. He says:

In a little hollow on the top of the shell of an old oak (on the outer layers of which however the branches are still vegetating) the seed of a wild service tree was accidentally sown. It grew there for some time, supported, as it would appear, in the mould formed by the decay of the trunk on which it had sprouted; but this being insufficient, it has sent down a large bundle of roots to the ground within the shell of the oak. These roots have now increased so much in size that they do not subdivide until they reach the ground; they look like so many small trunks. In the soil however towards which they directed themselves there was a large stone, about a foot square, and had their direction remained unchanged they would have grown down upon this. But about half a yard from the ground they divide, part going to one side and part to the other . . . so that on reaching the ground they enclose the stone between them, and penetrate on the two sides of it.

Now here is a puzzle indeed; the growing root points were aware of the obstructing stone eighteen inches before they could have come into contact with it, and acting upon this knowledge, they took steps to get over the difficulty. Eighty odd years ago the account of a young Scotch fir upon a wall sending down its roots many feet to the ground was treated with incredulity, but this is now known to be a not uncommon achievement; such examples are not easy to explain if we discount the idea of some kind of root

intelligence. Again, the aerial roots of the tropical *Lianes* seem to possess a wonderful cunning, and cases have been recorded in which these plants, growing under artificial conditions, have sent out their organs to a tank twenty-five feet beneath, evidently with the knowledge that they would find water at the end of their journey.

The opening and shutting of the floral envelopes is largely dependent upon the action of the light. In various species the degree of illumination operates in a different manner. With some flowers it is only the falling light towards evening which causes them to shut up, whilst in others the cloudiness of the sky during the daytime, which may herald rain, exerts a similar influence upon the blossoms, and thus the delicate essential organs are protected from the damaging moisture. As a rule the blossoms which have acquired the power of closing up at the threatening downpour are those which are quite, or nearly, erect in their bearing. On the other hand, in a general way the blooms which cannot gather their petals together are pendulous in their habit. A remarkable change in the pose of a flower under artificial conditions is that of the *Gloxinia*, a case which has been the subject of a good deal of comment from time to time, although it appears to the writer that few people realize the important bearing which this instance has upon the subject of plant intelligence. As is well known, the wild ancestor of the fine florist's variety is an insignificant South American species, with small drooping blooms, the corolla of which is open throughout the whole life of the flower. The aim of the gardener in connection with the *Gloxinia* has been to enlarge the bloom and also to cause these to be erect in their bearing. His efforts have been completely crowned with success, and we now have varieties with huge flowers borne

in a perpendicular fashion—the whole plant forming a strange comparison with the early type. The point upon which, in the present instance, one would wish to enlarge is the fact that this has to a great extent been made possible owing to the culture of generations of *Gloxinias* under glass; it appears to be doubtful whether such a radical change in the bearing of the flower could have been brought about in the open, even in a tropical climate. It must be remembered that ever since the introduction of this species into our greenhouses—now many years ago—the plants have never known what it is to experience rain, and finding out that the principal reason for the hanging of their flowers has gone, have been willing models in the hands of the florist. Much the same kind of thing is taking place amongst the South African *Streptocarpus*, the members of which genus are rapidly becoming much more erect in their bearing as a result of their cultivation under glass. There seems to be something more than a mere adaptation to environment in these changes under artificial surroundings; the plants appear to have become aware of the fact that as far as they are concerned it will never rain any more, and that the former precautions against falling moisture are no longer necessary.

It is very much to the interest of some plants to display their blossoms at night, in that they are dependent upon the offices of insects which fly after dusk for the fertilization of their organs. In most cases of this kind the flowers are white or of a very light color, and show up in the dark quite clearly. Here we see that the falling light has exactly the reverse effect which was noticeable in the examples of day blooming species. Our indigenous *Campion* droops its pretty flowers all through the long summer day, and only displays them to advantage at

the approach of evening. In some of the Cacti the flowers are never open at all except in the hours of darkness—a typical instance, *Cereus grandiflorus*, opening its blossoms about ten, and these lasting only a few hours are crumpled masses of petals before the morning. Another typical nocturnal plant is the white Tobacco, a species commonly grown in gardens on account of its fragrant blossoms. Within the last few years hybrids have been raised between this and some of the colored *Nicotianas*, and it is very strange that most of the forms possessing colored blooms open their flowers during the day-time, although their past ancestors were night-blooming species. One may say that the plants seem to know that colors do not show up during the hours of darkness. As a matter of fact it is very doubtful whether any of our British Hawk Moths, an exotic relative of which fertilizes *Nicotiana*, ever visit the plants in this country, as it is certain that their probosces would not be sufficiently long to reach the end of the tube. Still, this does not alter the significance of the action on the part of the hybrids mentioned above. In the whole question of the opening and shutting of flowers there seems to be something evidenced which is akin to an intelligence. All students are aware of many instances in which plants open their flowers and emit perfume at certain times, and on examination it is found that this is just during the hours when a particular insect—often the only one which can assist the fertilization of the organs—is abroad.

The whole subject of the relation between plants and insects is one which is full of mysteries: it is not always easy to see just how these relations have been established, even though one admits that they must have been developed side by side. In hundreds of

cases plants have specially adapted their floral organs for the reception of one kind of insect, often so arranging the processes that others are excluded.

Even more remarkable are those instances in which a definite compact seems to have been arrived at between the plant and the insect; the former tolerating, and at times even making some provision for the latter. The case of a species of fern is a typical one. This plant provides little holes down the sides of its rhizomes for the accommodation of small colonies of ants; the exact services which these insects render to their host is not very clear. The following instance of a Central American Acacia is quite romantic in its way, but it is vouched for by good authorities. This tree (*A. spheroccephala*) grows in districts where leaf-cutter ants abound, and where the ravages of these insects are so dreadful that whole areas of country are at times denuded of foliage in a few hours. The Acacia has, however, hit upon a unique way of protecting itself against the assaults of these enemies. At the end of some of its leaves it produces "small yellowish sausage-shaped masses, known as 'food bodies.'" Now these seem to be prepared especially for the benefit of certain black ants which eat the material greedily, and on this account it is no matter for surprise that these insects (which are very warlike in habit) should make their homes in the Acacia, boring out holes in the thorns of the tree to live in. It is not very difficult to see how this arrangement works out. At the approach of an army of leaf-cutting ants, the hordes of black ants emerge, fired with the enthusiasm which the defence of a home is bound to inspire, with the result that the attacking enemy is repulsed, and the tree escapes unscathed. Explain it how one will, it is impossible to deny that

it is very clever of the *Acacia* to hire soldiers to fight its battles in the manner described above.

When plants find themselves in extraordinary positions they often do things which seem to be something more than just cases of cause and effect. There really appears to be such a thing as vegetable foresight, and by way of illustration reference may be made to the manner in which plants in dry situations strive to come to maturity as soon as possible. Specimens growing on walls are most instructive in this connection. It is almost always noticeable that plants in such positions run into flower and produce seed much in advance of their fellows living under more normal conditions; by so doing they have made certain the reproduction of their kind long before the hot summer has arrived, at which time any active growth on a wall becomes an impossibility. It is willingly conceded that shortage of water discourages a luxuriance of growth, and tends to induce an early maturity, but to any one who has watched the habits of plants under these circumstances there seems to be something more than this. Something which enables the plants to grasp the fact that their life can only be a very short one, and that it is their duty at the earliest possible time to flower and produce seed ere they perish.

Generally speaking plants are most desirous to obtain as perfect an illumination as is possible of their foliage. Of course, light is so necessary to bring about the formation of perfect green tissue, that it is not surprising to find that it is a sufficient stimulus to cause vegetables to move their organs to the direction from which the illumination is coming. But there are parts of the world in which plants find that the direct rays of the sun, where this orb is nearly vertical as in Australia, are more than they can stand.

The Blue Gum trees, for instance, find that the solar heat is too great for their leaves, and accordingly adopt an ingenious way out of the difficulty. As young plants growing under shelter, the *Eucalypti* develop their leaves in lateral fashion, fully exposing their upper surfaces skywards. Later on, however, as the plants grow into trees and rise above any screening shade, the Blue Gums turn their leaves edgeway fashion, so that no broad expanse is exposed to the scorching sun. Some plants direct certain organs away from the light, as is seen in the case of the Vine, where the tendrils always seek dark corners. The value of this tendency is very apparent, for it must be seen at once that these organs, whose sole object is to obtain a hold somewhere, would be much more likely to do so in some cranny, than if they took their chance by growing out into the open. This habit is exceedingly interesting when we remember that the tendrils are modified shoots, parts of the plant which certainly do not shun the light. Indeed, these tendrils seem to be working against their inherent tendency.

The instances which have been detailed above might be multiplied almost indefinitely. They have only been selected out of an immense mass of evidence which is at the disposal of any student who will take the trouble to watch the members of the great vegetable kingdom. To say that plants think, as has been suggested by an enthusiast, is probably carrying the matter too far; the word used in its accepted sense scarcely conveys a right impression of the mysterious power. Rather would one refer to the phenomenon as a kind of consciousness of being, which gives to each plant an individuality of its own. It is likely, and indeed highly probable, that it is impossible for the human mind to grasp just how much a plant does not

know, but in the face of proved fact the existence of some kind of discrim-

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inating power in the vegetable kingdom will scarcely be denied.

*S. Leonard Bastin.*

### A MIDDLE-AGED DRAMA.

The house of Hedderwick the bailiff was a furlong east of the kirk, divided from it by a country road and a couple of ploughed fields. From its windows the sunset could be seen spreading, like a fire, behind the building, of which only the belfry was visible as it rose above the young larch plantation pressing up to the kirkyard gate. The belfry itself was a mere shelter, like a little bridge standing on the kirk roof, and the dark shape of its occupant showed strong against the sky, dead black when the flame of color ran beyond the ascending skyline to the farm on the hill. The farm with its stacks and byres would then share importance with the bell, the two becoming the most marked objects against the light.

Hedderwick's house was white and square, with an upper story and a way of staring impartially upon the world; and at the death of his wife, three years before the date of this history, it began to give signs, both within and without, of the demoralization that sets in upon a widower's possessions.

Mrs. Hedderwick had been a shrew, and there were many who pitied the bailiff more during her life than after her death. It was experience which made the bereaved man turn an ear as deaf as that of the traditional adder to the voices of those who urged on him the necessity of a housekeeper. But discomfort is a potent reasoner, and the day came when a tall woman with a black bonnet and a corded wooden box descended from the carrier's cart at his door.

Hedderwick was a lean, heavy-boned man of fifty-two, decent with the de-

cency of the well-to-do lowland Scot, sparing of words, just of mind, and only moderately devout—so the minister said—for a man who lived so near the church. In his youth he had been a hard swearer, and a bed-rock of determination lay below the surface of his infrequent speech, to be struck by those who crossed him. He had no daughters; and his son Robert, who was apprenticed to a watchmaker in Dundee, came home at intervals to spend Sunday with his father and impress the parish with that knowledge of men and of matters which he believed to be the exclusive possession of dwellers in manufacturing towns.

In spite of his just mind, Hedderwick's manner to his housekeeper during the first year showed the light in which he saw her. She was a necessary evil, but an evil nevertheless, and he did not allow her to forget the fact. He wasted fewer words on her than he did on any other person; when she came into the room he looked resentful; and, though he had never before known such comfort as she brought with her into the house, he would have died sooner than let her suspect it. If obliged to mention her, he spoke of "yon woman," and, while so doing, gave the impression that, but for his age and position, he would have used a less decorous noun.

"Margaret Black, a single woman,"—so she had described herself when applying for the place,—was a pale, quiet person, as silent as the bailiff, with the look of one who has suffered in spirit without suffering in character. Her eyes were still soft, and had once been beautiful, and her dark, plainly-parted

hair was turning gray. Though the sharp angles of jaw and cheekbone gave her face a certain austere pathos, it was easy, when looking at her, to suppose that her smile would be pleasant. But she rarely smiled.

When another six months had gone by, Hedderwick's obstinacy, though dying hard, began to give way in details.

"Yon woman" had become "she," and her place at the fireside commanded, not his side aspect, but his full face; for he sat no longer in the middle of the hearth, but with his chair opposite to hers. Occasionally he would read her bits from the newspaper. Robert, who had always treated her as though she did not exist, returned one Sunday, and, remarking sourly upon her cooking, perceived a new state of things. "If yer meat doesna please ye, Rob, ye can seek it some other gait," observed Hedderwick.

Margaret smiled a little more in those days; she was as quiet as ever, but her eyes, when they rested upon the balliff, seemed to have taken back something of their youth. She was experiencing the first taste of comfort she had ever known, and, with his dawning consideration, a tenderness one scarcely realized was springing up for him in her heart.

Nothing had prepared David Hedderwick to find peace and a woman's society compatible. He began to look on the evening as a pleasant time; and on one occasion, when chance delayed her return from marketing by a couple of hours, he went down the road to meet her, swearing as each turn of the way revealed a new piece of empty track, and foreseeing the most unlikely mishaps. He waited for her now on Sundays, instead of letting her follow him to the kirk, and her Bible made the journey there in his pocket with his own. No stranger who saw them sitting in the pew be-

low the gallery would have doubted that the grim-looking balliff and the pale woman beside him were man and wife. By the time a few more months had gone by she had become "Marget."

It was early November. Hedderwick, who had business in Dundee, had returned there with his son, leaving her in charge of the house. She was expecting him home, and, her work being over and the tea set in the kitchen, she stood at an upper window looking at the sky which flamed behind the belfry. The four small pinnacles at its corners were inky black, and the bell below them was turned by the majesty of the heavens from the commonplace instrument of the beadle's weekly summons into a fateful object. It hung there, dark and still, the spokes of its wheel and the corners and angles of the iron-work standing out into unfamiliar distinctness, and suggesting some appurtenance of mediæval magic. Behind it, the west had dissolved into a molten sea of gold, that seemed to stretch beyond the bounds of this present world, and to be lying, at a point far outrunning human sight, upon the shores of the one to come. The farm, with its steadings, was like the last outpost of this earth. The plain darkness of the ploughed fields before the house made the glory more isolated, more remote, more a revelation of the unattainable—a region between which and humanity stood the narrow portal of death. The tops of the larches by the kirk were so fine that, in the great effulgence, the smaller twigs disappeared like little fretted souls swallowed into eternal peace. And above them hung the bell whose sound would one day proclaim for each and all within range of its voice that the time had come to rise up and go out into the remoteness.

As she watched, the figure of Hedderwick turned off the road and came up the muddy way skirting the fields.

She went down quickly to make the tea and put the slices of bread she had cut on the toaster. As she bent over the fire she heard him kicking the mud off his boots against the doorstep and hanging up his hat on the peg.

He said little during the meal, but, when it was over, he went out and returned with a parcel, which he laid before her on the table. "I bought this to ye in Dundee, Marget," said he.

She opened the paper shyly. It held a Paisley shawl of the sort worn at that time by nearly every woman of her class who could afford the luxury. The possession of such a thing was almost a badge of respectability. The color ran to her face. "Oh, but yon's pretty!" she exclaimed, as the folds fell from her hands to the floor in the subdued reds and yellows of the intricate Oriental pattern. She put it round her, and it hung with a certain grace from her thin shoulders to her knees.

"It sets ye fine," observed Hedderwick from his chair.

Her heart sang in her all the evening. No woman, no matter of what age, can be quite cold to the charm of a new garment; and this one, though it did not differ from those she saw, on good occasions, on the backs of most well-to-do working men's wives, was, perhaps, the more acceptable for that. It seemed to give her a position among them. As she imagined the bailiff entering the Dundee shop with the intention of buying such a thing for her, her cheek kindled again. He had chosen well, too; the fine softness of his gift told her that. She laid her treasure away in her box, glad that it was only the middle of the week, that she might have more time to realize its beauty before wearing it. But its overwhelming worth, to her, was neither in its texture nor its cost.

She sat in her place on Sunday in the

midst of a great spiritual peace. Love, as love, was a thing outside her reckoning, and she would have checked the bare thought that she loved the bailiff. But there was on her the beatitude of a woman who finds herself valued by the being most precious to her. She had come into such a haven as she had never hoped to see in the days of her hard, troubled existence, and there was only one point on which she was not quite easy. It stood out now before her, its shadow deepened by the light shining in her heart.

There was a secret in Margaret's life which she had kept from every one, and which lay so far back in the years that its memory was almost like the memory of a dream; and she wished, now, that she had told Hedderwick the truth. But, sinless as that secret was, she had recoiled from sharing it with all but the few who had known her in youth, fearing, in her sore need of work by which to keep herself, that it would go against her in her quest. And, as the good opinion of the bailiff grew, she hid it the more closely, for she had so little to cling to that she could not bear to jeopardize what consideration she had earned. There was not one cloud upon her content and the peace which enfolded her, but that one small concealment—a concealment advised by those who had concerned themselves for her after the storm burst, and by whose suggestion she had taken back her maiden name. But she wished, as she sat with her eyes on her book and the clean folded pocket-handkerchief lying beside it, that she had told Hedderwick. She was so much preoccupied that she never looked up, nor settled herself against the pew-back, as did her neighbors, when the sermon began. It was a few minutes before she shook herself from her abstraction and composed herself to listen to the minister's voice.

The kirk was a plain square place,

with a gallery, supported on thin pillars, running round all but its western side, where the tall pulpit stood between high windows. The minister, under the umbrella-like sounding-board poised over him, was far above the heads of his congregation, and on a level with the occupants of the upstairs pews; looking across the intervening chasm straight into the faces of the laird and his family. The north wall, by which Hedderwick sat, was unbroken, but on the farther side of the church two small windows under the gallery floor looked out upon the little churchyard surrounding the building. There were not many tombstones on that side of it, and the light, chilly autumn wind rippled the long grass till it looked like gray waves.

Margaret never knew what made her turn her head suddenly and glance across to the diamond-shaped panes. Between her and one of the windows the seats were almost empty, and there was nothing to interrupt the view of a shambling figure which moved among the graves. While she watched, the leaded panes darkened, as a man approached and looked through; the sill was cut so deep in the wall that few of the congregation could see him, and the two or three whose positions would allow them to do so had their attention fixed upon the pulpit. The man's eyes searched as much of the interior of the kirk as he could command, and, stopping at Margaret, became fixed upon her.

She looked down at her knee, faint with the suggestion shot into her terror-struck heart by the face staring in at her from the churchyard. Hedderwick, who could have seen what she saw, was drowsy, and his closed lids shut out from him the new act of that long buried tragedy that was being revived for the woman at his side. When she raised her head again the figure had retreated a few paces from

the window, and its outlines turned her apprehension into certainty.

The preacher's voice ran on through the silence, but it seemed to Margaret as though her heart-beats drowned it; she forced herself to overcome the mental dizziness which wrapped her like the shawl whose fringes lay spread on the wood of the pew. Its warmth was turned to a chill mockery. She closed her eyes that she might shut out the familiar things about her: the accustomed faces, the high pulpit, the red cushion on its ledge, with the long, pendent tassels swinging into space; the bailiff's bulky shoulder and Sunday clothes, his brown leather Bible, its corners frayed by its weekly sojourns in his pocket. All these things had become immeasurably dear; and now, this Sunday morning might be—probably would be—the last time she should ever see them.

When the congregation dispersed she sat still. Hedderwick would have waited for her, but she motioned him dumbly to go on. After the last shuffle of feet had retreated over the threshold and the beadle came in to shut the doors she rose and went out.

The man was waiting there for her among the gravestones as she rounded the angle of the kirk. Though he was a few years younger than herself, he looked like one nearing fifty; there was white on his unshaven chin, and she saw, as she approached, that he was almost in rags. Whether he were a beggar or not, he had the shifting look of mendicancy. But his features were unchanged, and she would have known the set of his eyebrows anywhere. She opened her lips to speak, but no sound came.

"I've been seekin' ye," he said, in the thick voice that told of long drinking. "I speered at Netherside, an' they tell'd me ye was here."

Netherside was Margaret's old home: a village over the country border.

"I got word ye was dead after ye came out o' gaol," said she, "but I didna' ken whether to believe it. But when sic a time gaed by——"

"Heuch!" rejoined he, with a flicker of grim humor. "I was fine an' pleased to be deed, a grave's a bonnie safe place. They canna catch ye there, ye ken."

"An' what way was it ye didna' send me word? I micht hae gie'd ye a hand, Tam."

"I tell ye I was deed. An' I wasna' needin' ye in Ameriky."

A throb of pity came to her as she saw his shaking hands, and the way he drew his ragged coat together as the wind played in gusts over the grass. It is terrible to see the professional attitudes of the beggar in one we have once loved, no matter how far life may have drifted him from us. Margaret had not a spark of affection left for the wretched creature before her, but she had a long memory.

"Ye're fine and braw," he said, with a sidelong glance at her decent clothes. "Ye bide wi' the baillie, I'm tell'd: maybe ye've put by a bittie."

Margaret's lips shook, and, for a moment, her eyes looked on beyond him into space. "Tam, we'll need to do our best," she began, tremulously, brought back to the present by the mention of Hedderwick. "I've a bit saved. Maybe we could gang to Dundee an' get work i' the mills——"

"An' wha tell'd ye I was seekin' work? I'm no needin' work, an' I'm no needin' you. Bide you wi' the baillie—I'll no harm ye. But I'll be here about till the new year, an' I'll come to the house the nicht; ye can gie me a piece an' a shillin' to gang on wi'."

"I'll no let ye near the house," said Margaret, firmly.

"An' I'm no askin' ye. I'm to come."

"But Hedderwick 'll see ye, Tam."

"Dod! I'm no caring for Hedderwick."

"But I'll come out-by an' bring ye a piece!" she exclaimed in terror. "Ye'll no need to come then."

They parted a few minutes later, and she returned home. Her world had indeed grown complicated in the last hour, and the light of duty, for which, in all her troubled life, she had been wont to look, seemed to have gone out, extinguished by some diabolical hand. It was plain that her husband would have none of her, and had no desire that she should throw in her lot with his; he feared respectability as she feared sin, and, while she was in a position to minister to his wants, his present way of living would serve him well. She had promised, before leaving him, to bring him a little money, if he would wait after dusk where the larch wood hid the road from the church. She refused to bring him food, for, though her small savings were her own, every crumb in the house was the bailiff's, and she would sooner have starved than take so much as a crust. Whoever might suffer for what had happened that day, it should not be Hedderwick.

It was almost dark that evening as she slipped out of the house and went towards the larches; she had a little money in her hand, taken out of the box in which she kept her savings. The owls were beginning to call and hoot from the wood by the manse, and she hurried along among the eerie voices floating in shrill mockery over the plough-land.

Tom Weir was lurking like a shadow at the appointed place, and, when she had given him her dole, he departed towards the farm on the hill: a deserted cottage which stood in a field over the crest would shelter him that night, he said, and be a place to which he could come back in the intervals of tramping. He was going off on the morrow, and would expect her to meet him on his return with a further pittance. Her

hesitation brought down a shower of abuse.

Margaret knew well to what slavery she was condemning herself when she put her money into his dirty palm; but she dared not tell Hedderwick, for, besides her dismay at the thought of confessing what she had kept from him for so long, she had a vague dread that the law, were her case known, would force her to return to Weir. Weir did not want her, but she had known of old that his spite was a thing to be reckoned with, and it might be gratified by her downfall. That knowledge, and the fear lest he should make a public claim on her were she to refuse him help, bound her hand and foot. She had not the courage to turn her back on all she had grown to love, and she quieted her scruples by vowing that, while keeping the bailiff in ignorance, she would not bestow on her tormentor one crust that she had not paid for herself; but she was prepared, were it necessary, to threaten her own departure from her employment, and the consequent stoppage of her means of supply, should he approach the white house. She was prepared, also, to keep her word. It should be her last resource.

And so the last dying month of autumn went by, and winter fell on the land, crisping the edges of the long furrows, and setting a tracery of bare boughs against the diminished light. Weir came and went, haunting the towns within reach, and returning every seven days to take his tithe of her dwindling purse; and winter fell, too, upon Margaret's heart. Saturday brought a sinister end to her week; and her troubles, as dusk set in, were intensified by the presence of Rob Hedderwick, who now returned regularly by the midday train on that day to spend Sunday in his father's house. It was difficult to escape his sharp eye and his restless mind—made,

perhaps, more intrusive by perpetual prying into the working of complicated things. It did not take the young man long to notice her absences. In the evenings by the fireside he would look covertly at her from behind his paper or over the top of his book, as she sat at her knitting, his thoughts busy with the mystery he scented. Once or twice he had left the kitchen before dark, and, from the shadow of the washhouse door, watched her go silently towards the road with something wrapped in her apron. He did not like Margaret. Once, too, he had mentioned his suspicions to the bailiff, bidding him look to his money-box; and, angered by the scant encouragement he got, and the scathing definition of the limits of his own business, he determined to justify himself; for his growing suspicion that his father's housekeeper sold the food, or disposed of it in some way profitable to herself, could, he believed, be proved. He determined to prove it, for in addition to his dislike he had the thirsty rabidness of the would-be detective.

There was a cessation of his visits through January and February, as the master-watchmaker was called away and his assistant left for a two-months' charge of the shop; therefore it was on a moonless March evening that Rob Hedderwick hid himself in the manse wood. It touched the road just where the path from the bailiff's house joined it, and in its shelter he waited till he heard a woman's step come down the track. Margaret passed within a few yards of him, her head muffled in a woollen wrapper and her apron gathered into a bag and bulging with what she carried in it. He had never yet followed her, but he meant to do so now, for there was just enough of hidden starlight behind the thin clouds to enable him to keep her in sight from a little distance.

Her figure was swallowed among the

larches by the kirk; he almost came upon her, for the road between them made a bend, and she had stopped, apparently expecting to be joined by some one. Her back was to him, and he retreated softly. The cold was considerable, and Rob had forgotten to put on his great-coat; so, when, after what seemed to him nearer to half an hour than a quarter, she went swiftly up the hill towards the farm at its summit, he followed again, thankful to be moving.

She never slackened her pace till she had reached the top. Led more by sound than by sight, he trod in her wake; the desolation of night was wide around them, and, from the ridge, the land was as though falling away into nothingness before and behind. The farm was quiet as they passed it and began to descend, he taking advantage of a scant cover of hedge to get closer to her. As the ground grew level again, he could hear the gurgle of a small burn crossing their road at a place where a thatched hamlet of mud houses had once stood. There was but one ruin of a cottage left, a little way in from the country road, and he was near enough to see Margaret strike off towards it. He went round the roofless hovel till he came to its door, which was still standing. She had entered and closed it after her.

There was a gleam of light inside, and, by putting his eye to a gaping crack in the wood, he could see what took place within the walls. A man was sitting on a bundle of straw covered with sacking, and a battered lantern beside him threw its light on him and on the woman. As it flickered in the draught, the shadows, ghastly and fantastic, played among the broken beams and the tufts of dried vegetation springing up where rain had fallen in upon the floor.

Rob held his breath as Margaret unfolded her apron and laid a loaf with a large piece of cheese upon the straw.

It was just such a loaf as he had seen her buy from the baker's cart at his father's doorstep. The idea that she had paid for it herself did not enter his mind, for it was of a type to which such ideas are foreign. It was not easy to distinguish what they said. He pressed nearer, and, a brick on which he trod turning under his foot, he slipped, falling heavily against the rotten panel.

The immediate silence which followed the blow told him that it had startled Margaret and her companion; so, regaining his balance, he fled towards the road and made his way home through the darkness. He had seen all that he needed for his purpose.

The balliff was out when he reached the house, and his disappointment was keen: he had hoped, his tale once told, to make his father confront the ill-doer as she entered fresh from her errand. But he had to keep his discovery till the morrow, for it was nearing ten o'clock when Hedderwick came home and went to bed in silence with the uncommunicative aloofness of a weary man. Rob followed his example, sulkily. The next day, as the two men strolled on the road after the midday dinner, he embarked on the story of what he had seen and done overnight.

Rob Hedderwick drove his words home with the straight precision of a man assured of the convincing powers of his case. He could reason well, and the education which the balliff lacked, but had given to his son, clothed his opinions with a certain force. Hedderwick's mind was turned up as by a ploughshare. His anger at the long chain of petty thefts, which seemed to have been effectively proved before the young man's eyes, lay like a weight of lead on him; and that the one who had been forging that chain these many months sat at his hearth and ate of his food made it all the heavier.

Treachery was what he could not bear. He was honest himself, and dishonesty was a fault to which he was pitiless. The thing, unendurable in an enemy, was doubly so in the woman who had come to be, to him, indispensable. But, as he pictured the house without Margaret, his heart sank. Now, and only now, was he to realize what she had been—what she was—to him. He stood leaning his arms on a gate: Rob, having done his duty, had gone off to spend the rest of the afternoon with some neighbors; and he remained, sore at heart, where he was; looking towards his own house, and drawn this way and that by resentment, disillusion, and another feeling which was perhaps more painful than either. Rob had been right, no doubt, but that did not prevent him from hating him because he had destroyed his peace, and he was glad he would be leaving early next morning. What steps he might take in consequence of his hateful discovery should be taken after he had gone; for he suspected a certain malicious satisfaction in him which he would take good care not to gratify. He turned, sighing, from the gate and went slowly home.

The two following days went by, and he remained silent. At times he almost made up his mind to ignore everything he had heard, so great was his dread of parting with Margaret. On the evening after Rob left he opened his mouth to speak, but it was as though an unseen hand closed his lips. He could not do it. He desired and yet feared to be alone with her; and when, on the second day of his torment, he saw her start towards the farm on some business of domestic supply, he stood in the patch of garden with one foot on his spade and watched her go with a feeling of relief.

The days were lengthening now, and the wistful notes of blackbirds told their perpetual spring story of the

fragility of youth and the pathos of coming pain; but Margaret took time to do her business, and the light was beginning to fall as she came out of the farm gate. Somehow, the heavy load she had carried for so many months seemed to press less cruelly in the alluring quiet of the outdoor world. Instead of going back to the house she turned into a rough way that circled westward and would bring her home by the manse.

She wandered on; behind her, at a little distance, a boy was carrying a milk can, whistling as he went. The road took her past a disused quarry, a place where steep angles of ragged stone struck out, like headlands, into the garment of weed and bush with which the years were clothing it. It was deep, and, through the dusk, she could just see its bottom and a dark object which lay among the pieces of fallen rock. She peered down—for the remnant of a crazy rail was all that protected unwary passers from the chasm—and then held up her hand to stop the boy's whistle. From the heap below came a sound like a human voice.

Margaret was an active woman. At the point where she stood the earth had slipped in an outward incline, and a few young ashes which had seeded themselves in the thick tangle of weed offered a comparatively easy descent. She began to go down, waist-deep in the dried thistle-fluff, keeping her foothold in the sliding soil by clinging to the undergrowth.

Among the roots and boulders lay a man, face downwards. From the helpless huddle in which he lay, and the moans which struck her ear as she scrambled towards him, she knew that he must be desperately hurt. At sight of the blood on the surrounding stones she paused and cried to the boy who watched her from above to run for help. Then she sat down and raised

the unhappy creature to lie with his head on her knee, and saw, through the growing dusk—darker in that pit of rock and nettles—that she was looking into the face of her husband.

How long she sat with her half-conscious burden she never knew; but the moments till the return of her messenger were, to her, double their length. The shadow fell deeper about them, and bats began to come out of their fastnesses in the creeks and holes of the stones. It was chilly cold. A tuft of thistle, half way up the slope by which she had descended, was catching the remaining light, and the cluster of its blurred, sere head stared, like a face, on her, with the fantastic attraction that irrelevant things will take on for humanity in its hours of horror.

Weir stirred a little, and his eyes opened for a moment.

"It's me," she whispered, bending lower; but she could not tell whether he knew her or not, for he had slipped into unconsciousness.

Just before the boy came back he looked up once more; this time with comprehension; it seemed to her that he had grown heavier in her arms.

"Ye'll no gang?" he asked feebly.

"No; I'll no gang," replied Margaret.

A minute later the voices of the boy with the men he had brought came to her from above. Her arms tightened protectingly, for the thought of the transport made her shudder. Then she gazed down at Weir, and saw that she need fear pain for him no more.

It was the day of the inquest. Parish details were not so complete thirty years ago as they are now, and communication with towns was more difficult: so Tom Weir's body lay in an outhouse of the farm; the coroner was summoned, and Margaret, the whistling boy, and the handful of men who had carried the vagrant from his

rough death-bed were on their way to attend at the placé appointed.

Margaret Weir walked alone, her face set in the hard-won peace of a resolution, long dreaded, but accomplished at last. The time spent in the quarry had merged her dumb patience, her rebellion against the wreck of her content and growing love, into a vast, steadfast pity. The dead man had been thief, gaol-bird, destroyer of her youth; but their old broken bond had been drawn together again by his appeal as he died in her arms among the nettles. "Ye'll no gang?" he had said. "No, I'll no gang," she had replied. And she was not going now; not till all was done. She was on her way to the inquest to identify his body and to declare herself his widow; and what money he had not taken from her was to buy him the decent "burying" which, with her kind, stands for so much.

The shadow of disrespectability lying on Hedderwick's household was a thing she would not contemplate, and she was sure that the answer to all difficulties lay in her departure. She could not, in justice to him, declare herself for what she had been—the wife of a tramp—and keep her place. So she reasoned. She was a simple person, in spite of her concealments, and, at this crisis, she saw her way simply. She had mended all his clothes, put the house in order, and packed her box, which would be fetched by the carrier and sent after her. She had written two letters: one to the minister about Weir's funeral, the money for which she gave into his charge; and the other to Hedderwick. In the latter she explained her position as fully as her small scholarship allowed and bade him good-bye. The balance of the small sum he had given her last market-day, she told him, would be under her pillow. This letter was placed on the kitchen table to

await him, for she did not expect he would come in till evening.

It was past noon when she came out of the room where the coroner sat, and went down the hill. She looked neither to right nor left, for she was afraid. She needed all her courage to help her to reach the station; all her strength to sail steadfastly out from the late-found haven into the heavy weather. Had she raised her eyes she would have seen the tall figure of Hedderwick emerge from his house and come striding towards her across the fields.

They met in the larch plantation, just where she had so often met Weir. He walked up to her and took her by the wrist.

"Marget," said he, "come awa' hame."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

She began to tremble. Her strength of purpose was ebbing away in this new trial. Was she to be spared nothing? The tears she believed she had left behind her with her youth rose and choked her utterance.

"But I wrote ye, Hedderwick," she faltered. Her eyes were too much blinded to see the corner of her envelope sticking out of his pocket.

"Ye'll just come hame wi' me," said the bailiff.

A few weeks later, Rob, who had lately seen reasons for omitting his visits, heard from his father. There was no mention in the letter of either "Yon woman," "She," or "Marget"; but there was a certain amount about "The wife."

Violet Jacob.

## SOME TENDENCIES IN MODERN MUSIC.\*

If it be true, as Freeman said, that modern history begins at the call of Abraham, we can scarcely hope to find a more recent date for the beginning of modern music. As we trace back we find ourselves following the course of a continuous and unbroken record where every age takes its point of departure from something in preceding circumstances or conditions; where schools overlap, and methods interchange, and traditions alternate and weaken and revive; where even the most dynamic changes but liberate forces which were already operative. The "Neue Bahnen" of 1852 were trodden by a direct descendant of Beethoven and Bach, the Romantic move-

ment began centuries before 1830, the "Nuove Musiche" of 1600 adapted the scheme of Greek tragedy to the Florentine stage, the counterpoint of the mediæval Church grew out of the organum, and that in its turn grew from one of the most primitive employments of the human voice: there is no starting-point, there is no finality; and the only apparent gaps are due to our imperfect research. And all the while, to remind us of the continuity, comes criticism lagging contentedly in the rear, applying to each generation maxims derived from the practice of its predecessors, directing the advance by mapping out the ground already traversed, and issuing its marching orders

\*1 "Prince Igor." By A. BORODINE. Leipzig: Belaiev, 1890.

2 "Also sprach Zarathustra." By R. STRAUSS. Munich: Aibl, 1896.

3 "Pelléas et Mélisande." By C. DEBUSSY. Paris: Fromont, 1902.

4 "Violin Sonata in C, Op. 72." By MAX REGER. Leipzig: Lauterbach & Kuhn, 1905.

5 "The Love that Casteth out Fear." By Sir C. H. H. PARRY. London: Novello & Co., 1904.

6 "Songs of the Sea." By Sir C. V. STANFORD. London: Boosey & Co., 1904.

7 "The Apostles." By Sir EDWARD ELGAR. London: Novello & Co., 1904.

And other works.

at the moment when they are being superseded.

Yet, if the course has been continuous, it has also been rapid. As we lay down a score of Strauss or Elgar the old controversies seem curiously remote and alien: Mozart censured for a discord, and Beethoven for a modulation; Haydn accused of extravagance, and Corelli of virtuosity. In 1835 Schumann was a dangerous revolutionary, in 1855 he was upheld as the pattern of enlightened conservatism against the rebels of Zurich and Weimar. Gluck was assailed in terms almost exactly similar to those with which our elders attacked Wagner; the days are not far distant which will look of Wagner as we talk of Gluck. Hence it is of some importance that we should now and again take stock of our present position, that we should endeavor to estimate contemporary methods and contemporary ideals, that we should look to the direction in which we are travelling and calculate our strength for the journey. The task is notoriously difficult; the road behind us is strewn with shattered prophecies and wrecked reputations: there are plenty of warnings against hasty judgments, against misapplied rules, against the tyranny of codes grown outworn and obsolete. Yet the same honesty of purpose which we claim from the composer he has an equal right to claim from us. The difference between truth and error is as valid to-day as it has ever been, and all who care for the welfare of music are responsible for its investigation.

One thing at any rate we have learned in course of experience: that music can no longer be appraised by the text-book and judged from the professor's chair. When Schumann bade his antagonists "pick out the fifths," the voice of the grammarian was still heard in the land; it was still possible

to say that an effect was wrong because it broke a canon of Marpurg or Kirnberger. When Brahms produced his first pianoforte concerto at Leipsic it was taken as a legitimate objection that he had not treated his solo instrument after the accepted form. From this kind of criticism we are at last emancipated. It is well to "pick out the fifths" from a school exercise, for they are likely to be misused by inexperienced hands, but no reasonable man would any longer protest against their presence in a master's composition. It is well to bring up an artist on the study of past methods, since these will afford the securest basis for his own practice; but if he chooses to write a "symphony with pianoforte obligato," there is no longer any one to gainsay him. We have come to see, in short, that the true critic is simply the most enlightened listener; not standing aloof with a manual of arrogant imperatives, but taking his place among us to stimulate our attention where it falters, and to supplement our knowledge where it is deficient. His position is not to command but to interpret, and we accept his judgment, as we would that of any other expert, as soon as we are convinced that it illuminates the point at issue.

This does not, of course, mean the abrogation of a critical standard. Such abrogation would reduce the republic of art to the level of Plato's democracy, where there is no government and no order, where Jack is as good as his master, and where the very beasts of burden contest your title to the roadway. But it means that the critical standard is determined by principles, not by rules; and that these principles are all ultimately derived from the sympathy which obtains between the artist and his public. Genius does not so transform a man as to put him out of all touch with our-

selves: it is the acuter vision of that which we dimly see, the more eloquent utterance of that which we stammeringly confess, the revelation, by divine gift, of truths which we imperfectly recognize. Such sympathy no doubt implies that the artist on his side is unconscious of our presence. It is the charlatan who is constantly endeavoring to attract our attention by tricks and posture and labored epigrams; the true genius has his whole mind centered on his ideal, and if he gives us a thought when the work is over it is only to feel, like Beethoven, that his new quartet "will please some day." He also is an interpreter, a prophet of the truth, and he has no right to soften or exaggerate a word of his message from any motive of catching our applause or conciliating our prejudices. But we on our side cannot be unconscious, for it is our function to hear and understand. There are many false shrines and false worship which, if we follow, we are traitors to the cause, and we cannot learn to discriminate by uncritical acceptance of authority. Even sincerity is not a sufficient touchstone; a man may be sincere and illiterate or unskillful, he may speak his own message through a temperament that is warped or embittered. There can be no great music without great ideas, no charming music without attractiveness of thought and ease of presentation: a cold art leaves us cold, a merely sensuous art crumbles at a touch into dust and ashes. But sincerity is of the very bed-rock of our foundation, and only when that is established is it time to look to the superstructure.

A single instance may serve to illustrate the type of principle which we have in view. When our symphonic form was young and unfamiliar, it naturally moved within the confines of a narrow structural limitation. Precisely the same reason which would

have made a more adventurous scheme unintelligible to the hearer made it impossible to the composer himself. In course of time the artists of the eighteenth century so mastered these simpler forms that they could begin to experiment and develop; *pari passu* the auditors whom they had familiarized with the old scheme were ready to follow them into new directions; and so came the symphony of Beethoven, rendered possible, not only by his own genius, but by the place which both he and his public occupied in musical history. In this manner, through the succession of lesser and greater men, the bounds have been further widened, the range of invention has been further extended, until now we can comprehend a structural design which would have seemed chaos to a contemporary of Haydn or Mozart. But the principle has remained the same throughout. The need of some structural coherence and organization is fundamental; it is satisfied by different plans in different generations, but to each generation the requirement is equally imperative. A symphony of Brahms endeavors to meet it by a design drawn in terms of pure music: a symphonic poem of Strauss by the adventitious aid of a plot or story; each method has a right to be considered on its own merits, and in this matter the only relevant question is whether it fulfils its aim. "Zarathustra," for example, ends on an implied discord. We may ask whether this is merely a piece of petulance and challenge, or whether it is the true outcome of the poetic scheme which Strauss is following; and our verdict will be blame or praise, according to the answer. But to say that an orchestral work ought to end on a tonic triad is like saying that a comedy ought to end with a marriage or a tragedy with a death. The sole principle is that the composer should present

us with a coherent plan; the particular kind of coherence will depend partly on our receptivity and partly on his power of persuasion. And the case is the same with regard to his melodic and harmonic idioms, to his polyphony, to all the different varieties of phrase and sentence and paragraph through which he expresses himself. All rules in music are transitory, but the principles which underlie them are everlasting.

It is of interest to consider this point, for the last fifty years have seen some important changes in the musical perspective. These can be observed most easily by contrast with their background. Roughly speaking, the typical aim of the eighteenth century was proportion; the clear phrase, the symmetrical design, the style that is lucid, polished, and transparent. In the hands of genius this attained to the highest achievements of pure beauty; in the hands of mediocrity it degenerated into a formalism which mistook craftsmanship for inspiration. And because a certain degree of craftsmanship can be reached by any one who has skill and industry, the world soon became flooded with compositions which had all the qualities of academic art, and were accepted by an unthinking criticism which took no trouble to penetrate below the surface. In London the favorite composers, after Handel's death, were J. C. Bach and Sacchini; in Vienna, Mozart and Beethoven had to contend against Kozeluch and Hummel and Adalbert Gyrowetz; and though, as we have seen, genius took the best intelligence with it, yet even the best intelligence was more inclined to accept than to discriminate. Any man could set up for an artist who had mastered the lessons of the drawing-school; any man was a composer who could write a fugue, or construct a sonata, or set smooth conventional melodies to a book of Metastasio.

Then came a natural reaction. The so-called Romantic movement of Berlioz and Schumann was mainly animated by a protest against academic methods. Beethoven held expression and design in perfect balance: he was at once the greatest poet and the greatest craftsman of his age. Men like Hummel and Czerny copied the design, but left the poetry out: Berlioz—to take him as typical—followed the poetry without ever comprehending the musicianship. He honestly believed that the structure of the "*Symphonie Fantastique*" was formally perfect, and that the "*Amen*" fugue was written "*selon les règles les plus sévères du contrepoint*"; he was so thoroughly preoccupied with his ideal of poetic expression that he had no time to repair, or even to recognize, the deficiencies of his artistic training. And here in one word is the strength and weakness of the school which he represented. It was full of ideas, it was vivid, picturesque, impressive; it had an extraordinary power of arousing emotion, of stimulating the senses, of suggesting action or scenery; but it never learned to make full use of its tools. Schumann, who was by far the best musician of the group, is always more interesting for what he says than for the manner in which he says it; we have but to place one of his quartets beside Beethoven, or one of his fugues beside Bach, and we see the inspired amateur in contrast with the unerring skill of the perfect master. Berlioz's magnificent orchestration does not conceal his poverty of style; the dexterity of Liszt is often set to embroider a thin or ill-woven texture: even Wagner's "*Romantic*" operas alternate their wonderful strokes of genius with passages of sheer clumsiness or vulgarity. And the reason is in all cases the same. Berlioz learned nothing at the Paris Conservatoire; Liszt began his public career at the age of eleven; Schu-

mann's chief instructors in music were Thibault the lawyer and Jean Paul the novelist; Wagner graduated after six weeks of inefficient schooling. All these men, in short, had to make their own way by the force of almost unaided ability: they were saturated with the poetry of music, they were keenly susceptible to literary influence, they were full of fervor and passion, but they had not acquired the full artistry which cost Bach and Mozart so many years of patient endeavor.

Hence in the ultimate history of composition the music of "the School of 1830" will be more valuable for what it suggested than for what it achieved. Already Berlioz and Liszt have almost gone; much of Schumann is trembling in the balance; and though Wagner's Romantic operas will long hold the stage, yet every year is widening the distance between them and the true Wagner. But in two notable respects it has affected the methods and ideals of our own generation. In the first place it has killed academic art. The mere contrapuntist has no longer any patron or any audience, or, except as a teacher, any reason for existing; he takes his place in the training-ground and leaves the open field to a more adventurous talent. It is no more possible for a man to take rank as a composer because he knows the text-books than to take rank as a poet because he knows the classical dictionary; we have done for ever with the trim heroic couplets and the scholarly elegancies about Phœbus and Cynthia. No doubt we are forming our own conventions: every age does so: but at least we are not regarding them with complacency or taking them as evidences of merit. Indeed, it may be questioned whether we are not too wide in our toleration of revolt; whether we do not sometimes confuse extravagance with genius and bluster with conviction. In any case it is no

small matter that we have learned to respect the artist who claims a free hand, and that we reserve the heaviest of our censure for a dull and timid docility. Again, the insistence on the poetic and picturesque aspects of music has enormously enriched the content of our own contemporary work. We have a different kind of poetry, but the line of derivation is plain enough. The direct appeal to our emotional nature, the desire to make music as far as possible descriptive, presentative, even articulate, the impatience of technical restraint, the prominence assigned to vitality of idea—all these form part of our present inheritance, and are counted in the wealth which it is ours to administer and bequeath. We can hardly estimate the debt which opera owes to "Lohengrin," or song to the "Dichterliebe": their monuments may be lasting or perishable; in either case they have been landmarks of the general advance.

Some metaphysicians tell us that a true cause works toward opposites, and assuredly no directions could be more widely divergent than those into which the School of 1830 ultimately issued. Half a century ago the two most important composers in Europe were Brahms and Wagner; each the complement and antithesis of the other. Wagner, already at the extreme left of the Romantic party, broke away still further and occupied his ten years' retirement in developing a dramatic style which was almost as far removed from Romantic methods as they were from classical. Music was no longer predominant, as with Mozart, nor admitted to equal partnership, as with Schumann; it was definitely subordinated to purposes other than its own. The "Ring" is to be judged not as music but as drama; the music is just as much an accessory as the costumes or the *mise-en-scène*. Its "motives," often in themselves strangely vital and mov-

ing, are conceived, presented, and arranged solely for their bearing upon plot or character: outside the theatre the prelude to "Rheingold" is meaningless and the opening of "Götterdämmerung" barren. If we put a page of the score beside Beethoven, or a page of the book beside Goethe, we shall see, not that Wagner fails to achieve their respective aims, and still less that he succeeds in combining them, but that his art is projected from another standpoint and determined by relation to other laws.

Hence the roughness of style which would offend in a symphony may in the music-drama be a positive merit. The dramatist learns, not in the University, but in the school of life; he presents humanity to us, without intervention on his own part, and if he allows himself to be preoccupied by any other consideration—even that of artistic finish—he must needs give but a divided attention to the main issue. We all know the fate of "literary" plays: *laudantur et algent*. The house rejects them, and if they are "printed to shame the fools," they lead but a cloistered and secluded existence on the bookshelf. On the other hand, if a play is really human, its very vitality will enable it to set the canons of pure literature at defiance. Dumas, in an amusing passage, imagines Fénelon taking up a volume of Molière and, after twenty lines, closing it with the comment, "Voilà un pauvre écrivain." His moral is that from Fénelon's point of view the judgment is incontestable, and that from Molière's it is irrelevant. As a piece of French prose the passage is poor and ill-written; as a speech in a comedy it conveys its meaning in the manner that will most readily cross the footlights. And we may take, from the same preface, an even stronger example. In the famous and much contested line:

Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle,

there is, as Dumas says, "une abominable faute de grammaire"; but had it been pointed out a dozen times by candid friends "Racine, qui savait son métier, ne l'aurait pas écrit autrement." The drama, in short, has its own laws, its own principles, its own perspective; and from these alone can it be properly judged.

It is for this reason that Wagner, supreme artist in his own craft, has been so dangerous a model in all forms other than dramatic. His musical speech is, in Mr. Dannreuther's phrase, "a powerful rhetoric," wholly designed to interpret and heighten the spectacle on the stage; and of all devices those of rhetoric are most easily copied and degraded. The great man shows that certain conventions can be traversed; a host of little men believe that by traversing them they will share his secret. He follows at all hazards the higher issue; they take the hazard where there is no such issue to justify it. Again, the very imperfections of the "Ring"—its repetitions, its forced polyphony, its insistence on certain points of color—while they pass almost unnoticed in the glow and splendor of its genius, have been doomed to reappear in a hundred tedious compositions which "resemble Wagner" in their blaze of orchestration and their sedulous employment of the diminished seventh.

But within the walls of the theatre his influence, though not paramount, has been wide and salutary. It intimately affected the "Othello" and "Falstaff" of Verdi—two remarkable instances of discipleship on the part of a man already famous; it trained to good purpose many among the younger dramatists of France and Germany; it inaugurated a school which has been steadily growing in strength and reputation. The field is shared by two

comrades: by lyric opera, with its twin forms of romance and comedy: by spectacular opera, which has taken the place of the old masque; but each occupies its station without rivalry or antagonism, and in future estimate Wagner's ideal will certainly be held of the most account. It is one of the ironies of musical history that a power so authoritative should be wielded by the man who was once a proscribed and persecuted outlaw.

Wagner, then, came to his full strength by throwing aside the traditional forms which he had never learned to master, which cramped and impeded his genius, and with which the particular character of his ideal enabled him to dispense. Brahms, on the contrary, found in the extension and development of these forms the fittest vehicle for the expression of romantic feeling. The descendant of Bach and Beethoven, he was no less the inheritor and disciple of Schumann, and it was his work to show how full a measure of the new poetry could be poured into the moulds of an exact and perfect musical design. The character of his music, grave, dignified, noble, made it specially amenable to intellectual control: at its most impassioned moment it never loses grasp, at the flood-tide of eloquence it never forgets restraint; it is wholly incapable of extravagance or sensationalism, of cheap effect or facile appeal. It is not a music with which all hearers can be in sympathy; it covers a comparatively narrow range of emotion; it has little gaiety, little humor; its coloring is often sombre, its texture sometimes heavy and opaque. But for richness of idea, for sheer beauty of melodic outline, and above all for supreme and unerring mastery of structure, it stands, among the compositions of our time, pre-eminent. There has been no musician since Beethoven to whose pages we can so often recur with the

certainly of finding fresh cause for love and admiration.

Yet, except on Glazounov and on some of our English composers, the influence of Brahms has been hitherto almost negligible. The Slavonic schools of Bohemia and Russia have principally developed on their own lines, taking departure in the one case from Schubert and in the other from Weber and Glinka; the Norse musicians have, for the most part, found their teachers in Leipzig, and their inspiration in their own folk-songs; the younger generations of Germany, of Italy, and of France have been concerned with problems, now of pure style, now of emotional expression, which have left them comparatively indifferent to the needs of a self-determined architectural scheme. And the reason would seem to be that Brahms, like Bach, stands rather at the end than at the beginning of a period. He has summed up, as fully as our present conditions admit, the pure structural possibilities of symphony and quartet and sonata; he has brought them to a point of organization which, given the musical language of our day, cannot be surpassed. It is only natural that the art should turn aside, as it turned aside in 1750, and follow quests which, for the time, can be more profitably pursued. But, if we may trust the warrant of history, it will be only for a time. After the Viennese school had run its course, Bach came by his own; when music is ready for another stage in its advance it will return to Brahms for counsel.

The period which began with so sharp a contrast has been fertile in contrasts ever since. Through all Europe the field of composition has been broadening; it has been mapped into a thousand routes and traversed by a thousand explorers: Grieg and Dvorák, Cornelius and Hugo Wolf, Bizet's "Carmen" and Borodine's "Prince

Igor," Mascagni's superficial talent and straw-fire reputation, Gounod's insipid sweetness and languorous sentimentalism, Strauss's *Isæo torrentior* and the labored eloquence of Anton Brückner; at no time has musical activity been wider or more varied, at no time has it offered a more bewildered range of topics to the critic and the historian. To attempt here even a catalogue of its main achievements would be to set an impossible task; to comprise it even under such rough formulæ as Classical, or Romantic, or Realist, would be to recall the hospitality of Procrustes: at most we can only sketch a few of its most salient characteristics and illustrate their bearing upon our own English revival.

One such characteristic is a remarkable extension of melodic, and especially of harmonic, idiom. Mill once proved by algebra that musical phraseology was confined within measurable limits, and that it must soon be exhausted; his argument was unworthy of an inductive logician, and it has been discredited by the event. In every age the current shapes of melodic curve have been determined partly by their harmonic basis, partly by their relation to the accepted scale. Almost all the great tunes of Beethoven, for example, imply diatonic harmony (sometimes with a single chromatic point of color) and in a large number of them the rise and fall is through consecutive diatonic notes. On the other hand, the Hungarian folk-songs derive much of their peculiar character from the augmented intervals which belong to their scale, and to the chromatic chords which these intervals naturally involve. It follows, therefore, that as these develop and interchange, as the use of the scale becomes more flexible, and the range of harmony more extensive, so there will arise in music not only a new idiom, but a new vocabulary.

There is no need to complicate the issue by raising the question of rhythm; for rhythm, as Mr. Robert Bridges has said, is infinite, and its resources have always lain open to the hand of genius. But the very language of the art is undergoing a change, by which, for good or ill, its future must be largely determined.

Twenty years ago the typical instance would have been Dvorák, one of whose most remarkable gifts was his power of combining remote tonalities. He was perhaps the first European composer of repute who definitely took the chromatic scale as his unit, who regarded all notes as equally related, all harmonies as equally possible, all modulations as equidistant from the centre. Yet Dvorák was in this matter but the eldest child of his age, and the tendency exemplified in his writing has found fuller and more audacious expression in his younger contemporaries. We find it self-conscious and defiant in Mascagni, declamatory and dramatic in Bruneau; it is half the secret of Strauss's polyphony, it tinges the elusive coloring of Fauré and Löffler. And in not one of these men is there any trace of Dvorák's influence: they have traversed the frontier for themselves, they have found each his own dialect of a language, the range of which is apparently inexhaustible.

Among them the most distinctive and most uncompromising is M. Claude Debussy. His *provenance* is not easy to determine. There are occasional touches in his music which recall César Franck, but its general tone and character are very different from the misals which that cloistered and saintly artist occupied his life in illuminating. Paris has always been the home of experiments, and particularly of experiments in style and treatment; it may well be that we have here but another instance of that keen individual vital-

ity which can transmute as well as absorb the ideas of its generation. In any case he is a true artist, a master of half-lights and delicate shadows, of colors that shift and intertwine and baffle our gaze, of a kind of beauty that is as inexplicable as it is literally beyond question. We may take it or leave it, but we cannot analyze or discuss. The discords—so to call them—of which its texture is mainly composed are such as have no name and no designation: they are so far from being justified by the grammarian that they cannot even be convicted by him; he turns page after page and there is no room for them even as breaches of rule. In the Introduction to "*Pelée et Mélisande*" the most familiar passage is one of consecutive fifths balanced by one of consecutive sevenths; the rest is a tangle of semitones falling together in shapes and patterns that own allegiance to no recognized harmonic system. It never modulates, for it is without tonality; it never rests on a cadence, for it is without punctuation; its key-signature is a mere concession to the printer, and in its phraseology the laws of syntax are ignored. Yet the effect of it, as of the whole opera, is indescribably charming. Soft in tone, subtle in workmanship, exquisitely scored, it has all the delicate loveliness of Maeterlinck's play: the silent shadowy lake, the transparent nightfall, the dim castle with its tiny beacon-fire, the gentle hesitating figures that speak in the voices of dreamland. Of the same quality is the music, like floating clouds, which he has written on Mallarmé's "*Après-midi d'un Faune*," a counterchange of nameless outlines and nameless hues; and still more remarkable, because not dependent on direct poetic suggestion, is the string-quartet which has blurred with iridescent rays the severe contours of chamber composition. The whole thing is sincere,

sensitive, refined; it vibrates to a breath, it can be bruised with a touch, it is the direct outcome of a temperament almost too fragile for daily life.

And herein, no doubt, is its chief attendant danger. The style is never robust or vigorous, it does not express the larger and broader aspects of humanity, it does not paint with the great brush or on the great canvas. To impute this as a fault to Debussy would be as absurd as to complain of Maeterlinck because he is not Shakespeare: but it is of some interest to enquire whether in music this limitation depends on the temper of the artist or on the character of his medium. Is it possible, we may ask, that this *genre omnitonique* should be as fit a vehicle for epic ideas as the diatonic scale of Bach and Beethoven? If so it will in course of time hold the entire field, and the diatonic scale will become as obsolete as the modes; if not, it will remain for those forms of composition which specially depend on delicacy and refinement and suggestion, and will leave to a simpler speech the direct utterance of more vital truths. The answer, on present evidence, would seem to support the latter side. We do not forget that it must once have seemed unthinkable that the modes should ever be superseded; we do not forget that discords which one age could not tolerate without preparation have given acute pleasure to a later century; the ear has a considerable power of adjusting itself by course of experience, and there is no reason to suppose that it is nearing its limit. But as yet there is nothing to replace tonality except color, and man cannot live by color alone. Again, as soon as this hyper-chromatic style becomes insistent it grows, to our present hearing, ugly. Its beauty largely depends on reticence and restraint; it is coarsened by a loud tone or a forcible gesture. The famous violin-sonata in which Herr

Max Reger has challenged his critics appears to us merely harsh and strident; there was no need for the rather sorry jest of deriving musical phrases from the words "Schafe" and "Affe"; it is all one torrent of blustering invective, without beauty, without nobility, without moderation. And even as invective it does not sound really spontaneous; it scolds of set purpose, it lashes itself into deliberate fury, it leaves the hearer irritated and unconvinced. Herr Reger is in many respects a person of consequence; he is skilful, ingenious, often incisive; but his sonata has neither the taste nor the self-respect by which the work of a great artist should be characterized.

Indeed it is in these two qualities that the "advanced" school of German composition is conspicuously lacking. Dr. Strauss is an amazing master of resource; and his symphonic poems are as ostentatious as Trimalchio's banquet. The board groans under a weight of incongruous dainties, luxury follows luxury and surprise surprise, every corner of the empire is ransacked for a new wine or a new flavor; we are sated before the feast is half over and think ourselves fortunate if we escape with our digestions unimpaired. There can be no doubt about the wealth; it cries out to us from every corner, it dazzles us from every piece of plate, it overwhelms us with a hundred marks of lavishness and profusion. And yet when all is done we are at some pains to express our gratitude: we should have been better off with plainer living and higher thinking, with a less urgent host and a less bewildering display.

Now richness and volume of sound are in themselves admirable, and Dr. Strauss often uses them to admirable effect. There are pages in "Heldenleben," in "Don Juan," in "Tod und Verklärung" which fill our hearing to the brim with beautiful and recondite

tone, and which, if they had been used as points of sensuous or emotional climax, would have triumphantly achieved their aim. But these are precisely the passages on which his lowest light is cast; they are the points of repose, and the climax is too often reserved for splashes of color which only startle, or for outbursts of sheer noise which only offend. To say that these are determined by the exigencies of a "poetic" content is not a sufficient answer; it explains them, but it does not justify them. For in the first place the function of music is to beautify and idealize; and not everything can be expressed in terms of beauty, but only those aspects of life and nature which are capable of idealization. In the second place, apart from any question of representative expression, these devices are among the easiest and most obvious that a musician can employ; as pure technique they belong to a lower level of skill than firm outline and harmonious arrangement. Any one can be impressive; any one can surprise and startle and shock; you have but to bid your violins play a quarter of a note sharp to secure the most poignant effect of pain; you have but to introduce into your orchestra the siren and the steam-whistle to arouse the attention of the most apathetic audience. And in the third place all waste is inartistic; one of the essential characteristics of the master is economy and reserve of power. It has been urged against an eminent English novelist that he "always writes at the top of his voice, and shouts so loud that we cannot hear what he says"; there are many pages of Strauss's music which lay themselves open to the same criticism. The battle-scene in "Heldenleben" is indeed "with confused noise"; the storms of "Also sprach Zarathustra" beat upon our heads like hurricanes; in "Till Eulenspiegel," in "Don Quixote," even in the "Domestic

Symphony" we often struggle amid such deep waters that we would catch at the most jagged discord for safety.

And, what is more serious, the issues are not worth the coil that is raised about them. The accusation of noise is in itself of little account; it was brought successively against Beethoven and Wagner, yet to Wagner's orchestration we have long grown accustomed, and Beethoven's, we are told, is too faint for modern requirements. The really vital point is that Dr. Strauss has transferred the centre of gravity from the end to the means. Of all important composers he is the poorest in thematic invention: his melodies, even that in "Don Juan," are not of the first order; the characteristic phrases which serve him for *dramatis personæ* are hardly ever adequate to sustain their parts. The result is that he throws the whole of his immense ability into the treatment of themes that cannot properly respond; he heaps up accessories, he covers the stage with furniture, he attempts to supersede plot and character with gorgeous pageantry and with elaborate costume. At every moment our senses are stunned or pampered or stimulated by some explosive device or some voluptuous display; if all else fails he will turn his tragedy to melodrama and his comedy to harlequinade. No doubt his accessories are often very striking: there are forests full of lions and gardens full of peacocks; there are gladiatorial shows and processions of royal state; but the one thing of which we take away no clear impression is the play itself.

All this bears the clear impress of a decadent and sophisticated art. It is the manner, not of Rome and Athens, but of Byzantium and Alexandria; its passion is luxurious, its humor undignified, its workmanship self-conscious and overwrought. It can excite, it can intoxicate, it can dazzle us with

coruscations of brilliance and set us tingling with a pleasure that is sometimes very near to pain, but it leaves out of account all the nobler side of human nature; the tenderness that is too deep for tears, the chivalry that is too high to threaten, the indwelling spiritual power with which all great music has held communion. We are in no way concerned with its relation to other forms or methods; art has room for all forms, for all methods, for all languages that can be touched to fine issues. But we are concerned with the essential difference between the love which purifies emotion and the unbridled appetite which degrades it. "A poem," said Shelley, "is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth." There is no vision of the eternal in this reckless indulgence which lives upon excess and will die of surfeit.

Meanwhile there had been arising in Eastern Europe a school of composition which was destined to infuse the art with new blood and new vitality. Its founder, Balakirev, came to St. Petersburg at the time when Glinka's career was approaching its end; preached the gospel of nationalism with the fervor of a young enthusiast; and soon gathered round him the remarkable group of artists who called themselves the "Neo-Russian Innovators"—Cui, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Borodine, the greatest of them all. They began with a systematic study of the Classics from Bach and Handel onward, they collected folk-songs, they debated ideals, they set themselves in single-hearted earnest to establish a native music on a native foundation. In opera they followed the lead of Dargomijsky, whose "Festin de Pierre" had definitely broken away from the old lyric conventions; in symphony and quartet and song they widened the structural forms and filled them with the picturesque and racy vernacular of the Rus-

sian speech. Like all reformers, they met at first with an opposition which they took no pains to conciliate; but little by little their cause prevailed and the circle widened until it reached even the conservatism of Glazounov and the cosmopolitanism of Tchaikovsky. The result of their work has been to develop a music of the highest interest and importance; a music which, we may say advisedly, is not unworthy to rank beside the great names of Russian literature. It has shown itself remarkably divergent in style and mood: saturnine with Moussorgsky, visionary with Rimsky-Korsakov, with Borodine eager, imaginative and romantic; but through all divergencies it reflects, in greater or less degree, the sensitive and impressionable character of its people. Among its principal masters Tchaikovsky is, perhaps, the least central and the least representative; the want of personal force which enfeebled his life renders his music liable to external influences, and allows it sometimes, from very weariness of invention, to sink into triviality and commonplace. But Tchaikovsky, though the most unequal among great composers, reaches at his best an extraordinarily high level of beauty; the first movement of the fifth symphony and the march movement of the sixth are gifts the value of which is beyond dispute; and it is precisely in such numbers as these that he is most characteristic and most national. Of the other men it is more difficult to speak, for opportunities of hearing their work are infrequent and some of it is written in an idiom unfamiliar to Western ears. But there can be no doubt that in Borodine Russia has produced a genius of the first order. The chemistry-professor, who, joined Balakirev in 1862, equipped with "a fair proficiency on the violoncello, and a great admiration for Mendelssohn's chamber-music," became a national

poet by whose melodies the whole achievement of the art has been enriched. He wrote slowly and irregularly, amid the intervals of a scientific occupation; he left barely a dozen completed scores when, in 1887, his career was cut short by a premature death; no musician has ever claimed immortality with so slender an offering. Yet, if there be, indeed, immortalities in music, his claim is incontestable. His symphony in E flat major and his opera of "Prince Igor" are masterpieces which the world can never afford to forget; every page is spontaneous, every thought is noble, every incident is alive with the spirit of youth and adventure.

The stimulus which a nationalist revival has afforded to Russian music is the best of auguries for the further progress and development of our own. During the period here under discussion we have been passing through the same phase. When Sullivan came back from Leipzig in 1861 we were at the lowest ebb of artistic reputation to which our country has ever sunk; we were, as Carlyle said, "a dumb people . . . for Mozart nothing but a Mr. Bishop," and our sole function was to pay our Continental neighbors for puzzling us with problems which we did not understand. The production of the "Tempest" music in 1862, followed a few months later by Bennett's "Paradise and the Peri" overture, aroused some hope that a new era had begun; but neither Bennett nor Sullivan was strong enough to lead the advance. Bennett's delicate and refined talent did much to purify the air, but it so feared vulgarity that it shrank from manliness; Sullivan, after a few unsuccessful essays in the larger forms, devoted the best of his melody and humor to the byways of light opera, and his "Golden Legend" signally confirms the wisdom of his choice. He was not capable of great ideas or of a

great style; his strength lay in suppleness, in dexterity of hand, in a natural gift of jest and epigram. His most characteristic work is as good-tempered and diverting as a play of Sheridan; it skims lightly over the surface of things, it is witty and alert and fanciful, and we are but ungrateful critics if we complain of its limitations.

It was about twenty years later that our nationalist movement took definite shape. In 1880 Parry's "Prometheus" was given at Gloucester, in 1882 Stanford's "Elegiac Symphony" was given at Cambridge, and from thenceforward we have never turned back. The advance has been slow and difficult, for no nation ever had so much to unlearn; it has been checked by apathy, it has been hampered by impatience, it has been depreciated by that mock-humility in which our pride so frequently masquerades. But in spite of all obstacles and opposition it has won its way. No one can possibly compare the England of the present time with the England of the seventies and doubt that our whole attitude towards music has changed; we are no longer content with pale copies of German or Italian models, we are no longer content with trivial themes and perfunctory workmanship, we have emancipated our native thought, we have rediscovered our native speech, we are beginning once more to resume the place which, ever since the seventeenth century, we had forfeited by our carelessness and indifference. We have not yet attained our end; there is still much to be done before we have finally passed beyond the old errors and prescriptions and have emerged into the open field. But a younger generation is arising, full of talent and promise and enthusiasm; the way lies direct before it, and to its hands the future may safely be entrusted.

The compositions of Parry and Stanford offer an interesting foil and con-

trast to one another. Parry touches the deeper note; his prevalent mood is one of serious earnest. In the earlier days of his career, in the days of "Prometheus," of "St. Cecilia," of the "Lotus Eaters," he allowed free play to his sense of color and romance; in his later writing he has grown reserved, reticent, almost ascetic, deliberately minimizing the appeal to the senses, concentrating his whole force on the intimate expression of religious or philosophic truth. Now and again, in holiday trim, he will set a comedy of Aristophanes and banter, through a few brilliant pages, the sensationalism against which his whole art is a protest; his real message is to reaffirm, in phrase so simple that we may sometimes miss its purport, the awe and mystery which surround the confines of human life. Toward this ideal he has been gradually making his way, accepting first the conventional forms of the oratorio, which not even his genius could revive, and then replacing them by the freer method of ode and cantata which he has chosen for his medium in recent years. And throughout his work he employs an idiom of pure English as distinctly national as that of Purcell himself. He is the spokesman of all that is best in our age and country, its dignity, its manhood, its reverence; in his music the spirit of Milton and Wordsworth may find its counterpart. Stanford's work, on the other hand, is quicker-witted, more skilful, more picturesque; it has less of the prophet, but it has more of the artist. It is filled with the very temper of the Irish folk-songs, their poetry, their humor, their extraordinary beauty of sound. A master of technique, he makes his effects with unerring certainty; his orchestra is a delight to the ear, his songs are vocal, expressive, and often fascinating. But he does not penetrate to the centre, he does not drive to the roots:

he stirs us to the emotion of an April day with its counterchange of sun and shower, all charming, all exquisite, and all transitory. There is nothing in his music so moving as the dirge from the "Purcell" Ode, or the first chorus of "The Love that Casteth out Fear." His place among great artists has been attained by other means: by a keen and alert invention, by graciousness of outline and color, by a natural eloquence which, if not profound, is always interesting and persuasive.

Between these men and their successors of the younger generation there stands one remarkable figure whose influence on English music it must be left to the future to decide. Self-taught, self-centred, self-determined, Elgar may claim, more than any other English composer, that he has been "his own ancestor." His position is in some ways comparable with that of Berlioz at the beginning of the last century; there is something of the same audacity, of the same wayward brilliance, of the same desire to push musical expression across the verge of articulate speech. Indeed it is no paradox to say that "Gerontius" offers many points of comparison with "Faust"; the demons are different in language but not different in conception; the song of "Praise to the Hollest" is better written than the "Easter Hymn," but it is almost as undevotional; the extraordinary skill of orchestration covers in the one case, as in the other, an occasional weakness of idea. And herein is the essential defect of Elgar's music, so far as it has hitherto appeared. Before the highest and noblest conceptions it invariably falters; it can express pain and weariness and impatience and revolt, it can be poignant and bitter and pathetic, and while it moves within this range it is always striking and often exceedingly beautiful. But as yet the large and serene joy of art is

closed to it. In "The Apostles" Judas is the central figure; the interest of the whole work gathers round his sneering commentary on the Beatitudes, his temptation, his treachery, his passion of remorse. It is a wonderful piece of characterization but it throws greater things into the background. And the same want of largeness and serenity often appears in the handling of the music; it is all broken up into little anxious "motives," which are not blended together but laid like tesserae in a mosaic, each with its own color and its own shape. No work of equal ability has ever displayed so little mellowness of tone.

He is much more successful in his purely orchestral writings. "Cockaigne" is a vigorous and bustling picture of street-life; the "Allassio" overture, though a little hard, is full of sparkle; the "Enigma" variations are, in their kind, a masterpiece. Here his work is more genial, more evenly rounded, more melodious; he gives a greater impression of ease, he employs to fuller effect his extraordinary power of technical detail. But, if we may hazard a conjecture, we believe that despite his decade of reputation he has not yet found himself. His manner is still somewhat tentative and transitional; it often moves with uncertain step, it often seems to be striving with a thought which it cannot attain. Already he has advanced far beyond the prentice-hand of "King Olaf" and "Carractacus"; it may well be that the coming years will bring a deeper insight and a more mature experience.

Of the new generation it is here unfitting to speak; *non res laudanda sed spes est*. Yet we can find reason for confidence in its talent, its earnestness of purpose, and not less in the wide range and variety of its experiments. Some of these we believe to be on the wrong lines, those in particular which are touched with conscious and exotic

artifice, but they are all indications of activity, and in the clash of their conflicting counsels the truth will be established. The chief danger, no doubt, is that we come late into the field, that we are beginning where our neighbors have already achieved, and that some of us are still tempted to regard them not only as teachers but as models for our imitation. To do this is to ignore the qualities no less than the limitations of our national character. We have our own language to speak, we

*The Edinburgh Review.*

have our own message to deliver, we have our own ideals to maintain; our leaders have arisen to point the road, and it is to them that the younger men will most profitably look for direction and guidance. Every great musician has learned something from foreign schools; not one has ever been absorbed by them. The technical equipment of art is of the common interchange of human society; the truth which it depicts is of the native inheritance of the artist.

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#### MR. H. G. WELLS AND THE AMERICAN SPHINX.\*

That Mr. Wells and America would sooner or later come together has long seemed to me both desirable and inevitable. His interrogating and speculative mind could not, one felt, for ever resist the seductions of a conundrum so vast and insistent, so human and so tantalizing. And the immediate contact of the two was bound, one assured oneself with yet more confidence, to be a volume of sweeping suggestiveness and the happiest illuminations. But I was not, I will own, prepared for a book quite so good as this, so felicitous in its intuitions, so compendiously revealing. The three months' tourist whom we all read and all malign, stands for ever vindicated in this work. Mr. Wells has, on the whole, avoided the pitfall that must have peculiarly beset one who had read and thought so much about America before going there—the pitfall that his book would be less a study of the social, and economic and political phenomena of the United States than a vivid sociological essay pointed with American "instances." It is true one seems here and there to detect a somewhat forced search for the fact or

symptom that will buttress a preconception, and there are occasional passages in which prepossessions, candidly acknowledged, would appear to have tinged his judgment. But such deflections from the golden rule of always, in a strange country, suspecting whatever chimes in with your expectations, are rare. To a degree that in itself argues an intellect of the highest competency, Mr. Wells has risen above all anticipatory attachments and surveyed America with broad and unclouded vision. The result is a volume that more than any book I know of picks out and co-ordinates the tendencies and conditions that are really shaping the American future, disencumbers them from the misleading obstruction of detail, and displays them with that spaciousness, that fervent clarity, which Mr. Wells commands so easily. So far as a ten years' study of American problems gives me any right to speak, I should say that there is little of any permanent consequence in the United States that Mr. Wells has missed or has failed to illumine. His gift for disentangling the essentials and tracing their action and reaction with a large and free hand has never served him

\*"The Future in America." By H. G. WELLS. London: Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

better. He gives us the veritable America, a composite picture of that unique civilization, with its colossal possibilities and its not less colossal doubts. No novice venturing on the labyrinth of American problems could wish for a more human or clearer-sighted guide than this volume, and no confirmed explorer can read it without finding his horizons wondrously enlarged. Mr. Wells has erected, as it were, a watch-tower from which we may all look down on the heaving turmoil of the American commonwealth.

Three questions, as he tells us in a preface, Mr. Wells hopes to resolve by visiting America. What, he had propounded to himself, is going to happen to the United States in the next thirty years? What is the net quantity of the American will and what its quality? And what, finally, is their vision, their American Utopia, the final aim and purpose they have set before themselves? These are not trifling questions, and parenthetically I may express a doubt whether the time has yet come to form any decisive answer to them. "The material factors in a nation's future," says Mr. Wells, "are subordinate factors." That is a sound general truth, but has the United States yet reached that stage where she is involved in its implications? Are not her circumstances such that the material factors, the bald necessities of Empire-building, the business of filling up and developing a still unsettled continent, must inevitably engage her physical energies to the impairment, if not the suppression, yet awhile of any higher form of national consciousness? Can one fairly ask, amid the stress and clamor of all this disordered scaffolding, for some reasoned indication of what the collective structure will be like? Passing by the fairness of such a question, it is clearly, as Mr. Wells soon found, one which few Americans have stopped

to ask themselves. They are altogether obsessed with the mere fact of growth, regarding it as a sort of automatic process, an inevitable, blindly furious energy that goes on and on in seeming independence of human volition. And, as Mr. Wells admits, there are some "immense justifications" for this belief:—

Nowhere [he says] is growth still so certainly and confidently *going on* as here. Nowhere is it upon so great a scale as here, and with so confident an outlook towards the things to come. And nowhere is it passing more certainly from the first phase of a mob-like rush of individualistic undertakings into a planned or ordered progress.

There is nothing in it typically American, but "America is most under the stress and urgency of it, resonates most readily and loudly to its note." Whether haphazard and tangled or, as in Boston, which has planned out an area of twenty miles to expand in, purposed and provident, growth is the first of all American facts. And even in Chicago, where it is most rampant and unfettered, "the hopeful eye may see the light of a new epoch, the coming of new conceptions, of foresight, of large collective plans and discipline to achieve them."

Mr. Wells goes on to outline the social and economic formation of the American people. It is a community, he observes, still extraordinarily scattered, spread over an area so vast as to make it seem thin and small. America is still for the most part an unoccupied country. Over its distances and solitudes spreads a society that differs from all European societies in having no soil people and no aristocracy.

Essentially America is a middle class become a community, and so its essential problems are the problems of a

modern individualistic society, stark and clear, unhampered and unilluminated by any feudal traditions either at its crest or at its base. . . . The relationship between employer and employed, between organizer and worker, between capital and labor, which in England is qualified and mellowed and disguised and entangled with a thousand traditional attitudes and subordinations, stands out sharply in a bleak cold rationalism. There is no feeling that property, privilege, honor, and a grave liability to official public service ought to go together, none that uncritical obedience is a virtue in a worker, or that subordination carries with it not only a sense of service but a claim for help. Coming across the Atlantic has in these matters an effect of coming out of an iridescent fog into a clear bright air.

I agree, but would like to add that the amazing violence of American strikes is the outcome more than anything else of this "bleak cold rationalism," and that the relations between employer and employed are embittered by that very absence of class distinctions that might have been expected to soften them. "All Americans," Mr. Wells thinks, "are, from the English point of view, Liberals of one sort or another." My impression is very much the other way. I should rather say that the immense diffusion of wealth and property, and the habits of cautiousness and restraint fostered in a people who live under a written Constitution, have made the average American a Tory of the Tories. He worships property almost as devoutly as he worships a majority. Nowhere is public opinion so quick to resent any attack on law and authority. Nowhere does the scale incline so decisively in favor of capital. America is the country where capital has reached its greatest height of power and control. It is the land of the black list and government by injunction. The whole force of the law and public opinion and the

State militia is at the disposal of an employer who has engaged and wishes to protect his "scab" labor. In all that concerns the status of labor America is where we were forty years ago. Its instinct is all on the side of the "open shop," and its indifference to human life and to the clearest cases of individual injustice, its insistence upon law and order and the reflex influence of the negroes and the lower immigrants in inducing an American "pride of race," are all tokens or causes of the Tory atmosphere of the United States. In missing the essential Toryism of Americans Mr. Wells, in my judgment, has missed a factor of the first significance.

This middle-class community, Liberal or Tory, is without "the mental habit of social responsibility." It interprets patriotism as "a mere rational self-assertion, a sentimentality of flag-cheering, with no constructive duties." Law, social justice, the pride and preservation of the State as a whole, "are taken as provided for before the game began." Men's time and thought and energy are therefore given to business. But in America as elsewhere out of this economic conflict of equals there have emerged the modern rich and the modern toiler:—

That steady trend towards concentration under individualistic rules, until individual competition becomes disheartened and hopeless, is the essential form of the economic and social process in America as I see it now, and it has become the cardinal topic of thought and discussion in the American mind. . . . The aggregation of property has created powers that are stronger than State legislature and more persistent than any public opinion can be, that have no awe and no sentiment for legislation, that are prepared to disregard it or evade it whenever they can.

Against this process the Henry George

movement, the Bryan movement, the movement against the Trusts, and Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to limit inheritances are successive phases of a wide popular protest. The people protest though there is not at present any general effect of impoverishment and though they are not yet consciously defeated in the economic game. The material progress keeps the standard of life from falling and through this material progress

there is a constant substitution of larger, cleaner, more efficient possibilities, and more and more wholesale and far-sighted methods of organization, for the dark, confused, untidy individualistic expedients of the Victorian time. . . . So in its broad features, as a conflict between the birth-strength of a splendid civilization and a hampering commercialism, I see America.

Mr. Wells perceives that in going to America this year he chanced upon a fortunate time. The people are beginning to think. They have "turned away from all the heady self-satisfaction of the nineteenth century," and have commenced "a process of heart-searching quite unparalleled in history." And in a series of brilliant chapters Mr. Wells reviews the conditions that are making for a deepening discontent, and that lead him to question the security of the American future. He groups them round

the essential question for America—the rescue of her land, her public services, and the whole of her great economic process from the anarchic and irresponsible control of private owners . . . and the organization of her social life upon the broad, clean, humane conceptions of modern science.

What are peculiar obstacles that America presents to this huge problem of reconstruction? There is, first, "a system of legal entanglements of ex-

traordinary difficulty and perplexity"; next, "the most powerful tradition of individualism in the world"; thirdly, a degraded political system; and finally, the complication of vast hordes of unassimilable aliens and negroes. The immigration problem profoundly impresses Mr. Wells:—

I do not find [he says] that the American nation has either in its schools . . . in its press, in its religious bodies, or its general tone, any organized means or effectual influences for raising these huge masses of humanity to the requirements of an ideal modern civilization.

He sees the possibility of another "dreadful separation of class and kind." The negroes are a problem even more formidable because Americans will not confront it and do not take the trouble to learn its elements. The irresponsibility of the rich, the "State-blindness" of nearly all, the "commercialized" ethics of the average man, the horror of child labor, "a sustained disorder of local and political administration," the debauchery of politics, the prevalent contempt for abstract justice, and the paralyzing inefficiency of Congress are blots of hideous omen. Against them what have we? There is that great mental uneasiness and discontent, that process of disillusionment and self-examination, already dwelt upon. There are the tentative beginnings of "some general and conscious endeavor to arrest this unanticipated strangulation of freedom and free living." Above all "there are these great unprecedented reservoirs of intelligence and understanding, these millions of people who follow the process with an unceasing comprehension." It is on the forces that combine to propagate through universities, libraries, and the Press an extensive and practical intelligence that Mr. Wells ultimately relies. But he hardly dares

to prophesy their triumph, and he more than hints at the possibility of a collapse into Cæsarism, violence and social misery, a collapse from which the country is to be saved, if at all, only by "the cohesive and reasonable and pacifying medium" provided by "these millions of readers."

Of what must be the first and indispensable step towards a better social order Mr. Wells has no doubt. Socialism, as the case for socialism is put at present, he declares to be an impossibility for America. There must first of all be "a great reconstruction of its political methods":—

The supreme need of America [he says], the preliminary thing to any social or economic reconstruction, is political reform. It seems to me to lie upon the surface that America has to

The Outlook.

be democratized. It is necessary to make the Senate and the House of Representatives more interdependent, and to abolish the possibilities of deadlocks between them, to make election to the Senate direct from the people, and to qualify and weaken the power of the two-party system by the introduction of second ballots and the referendum. But how such drastic changes are to be achieved constitutionally in America I cannot imagine. Only a great, educated, trained and sustained agitation can bring about so fundamental a political revolution, and at present I can find nowhere even the beginnings of a realization of this need.

The book ends, it is true, on a note of somewhat strained and fanciful cheerfulness, but it is in this conclusion, I think, that we get the true issue of Mr. Wells's reflections.

Sydney Brooks.

### "PUCK OF POOK'S HILL."\*

The sense of the dreaminess of individual life—of the unity of all life whether past or present—which came upon Wordsworth and Tennyson so vehemently in their boyhood that they had to hold on to gateposts and to repeat their own names aloud to make sure they were they, has come to Rudyard Kipling in the full maturity of his power. A vein of it always ran through the marble; but when he first began he was a determined realist, and, though he sometimes dreamed with his eyes open, there was nothing to show that he would ever write a book so full of white magic as this. It is a book that seems to make clocks, almanacs, and histories of no account. Normans are riding—Romans are walking—all about Sussex, this very October. Two children have seen them.

\*"Puck of Pook's Hill." By RUDYARD KIP-  
LING. Macmillan, 6s.

It is children who can see these things; for, owning but a tiny fraction of the past in their own little lives, and so much of the future that—beyond a few vague aspirations to be an engine-driver or a married lady with a long train—they scarcely think about it, they live entirely in one present tense or another. As soon as education begins to tell, trouble arises. There were some children once who wished to play at being knights, but felt it burdensome because they were sure they ought to say Thee and Thou, and it was so hard to remember. Before this period of confusion, however, it is as easy to them to see anything that they hear about as it is difficult for men and women, their minds stuffed full of Latin, French, Anglo-Saxon, clothes, manners, morals, other than their own, to do anything but think about it. Commonly men and

women cannot look at the past at all, except in a picture or on the stage. Even then they do not always know it is there. They enjoy Romans talking Elizabethan cockney in *Julius Caesar*, but when Millais, in his glorious youth, painted for them one of the most truthful pictures that ever bridged the gulf of years with human sympathy they said they had never seen anything so foolish.

How charming the tradition is by which one work of art is carried over to another. The Faun of Praxiteles lives again, shadowy, in Hawthorne's Donatello. Mona Lisa—who can see her without thinking of the wondrous words in which Pater drew her over again? And now here is "Sir Isumbras at the Ford"; for Millais, like all artists, was a child about time, and knew that the only way to see the past is to make it into what it once was—the present—over again. That is a blissful moment when Una and Dan meet the old knight:—

When they were in the open they nearly fell down with astonishment. A huge gray horse, whose tail-hairs crinkled the glassy water, was drinking in the pool, and the ripples about his muzzle flashed like melted gold. On his back sat an old, white-haired man dressed in a loose glimmery gown of chain-mail. He was bareheaded, and a nut-shaped iron helmet hung at his saddle-bow. His reins were of red leather five or six inches deep, scalloped at the edges, and his high-padded saddle with its red girths was held fore and aft by a red leather breastband and crupper.

"Look," said Una, as though Dan were not staring his very eyes out. "It's like the picture in your room. 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford.'"

The rider turned towards them, and his thin long face was just as sweet and gentle as that of the knight who carries the children in that picture.

Perhaps, if Una and Dan had been

taken to Burlington House in the winter the horse would not have been gray nor the Knight's hair white; but after all he is Sir Richard and not Sir Isumbras, though the likeness be so good that we are almost deceived.

We do not know Puck again so easily. What was Puck like? What did they think he was like in Old England? We have seen dreadful Pucks upon the stage, Pucks that were forty at least; and Puck may be four hundred, but he must not be forty. Sometimes he flits before us as he showed himself to Sir Joshua, seated on top of a toadstool, with the sidelong, woodland-thing look of gleeful mischief that makes Sir Joshua's babies so bewitching. We can believe that he was snub-nosed. His ears, of course, were "pointy," and we should have liked some allusion to fur. But we have grave doubts as to the freckles and the blue eyes. In fact, we have always taken it for granted that his eyes were brown, of the color of a deep river-pool in Scotland when the sun glints on it. The brown eye carries more of the spirit of mirth than the celestial blue. As to his feet, they are not mentioned in the text, but they are horrid in the frontispiece—quite incredible. "Let's sit down again and think. I can do that for a century at a time," says Puck; and we are startled. The words are unfamiliar somehow or other. The Puck we knew could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but could he have sat down to think for a century at a time? Perhaps he did. Perhaps it was the eighteenth century when he sat down to think. There was little fun going then, and what there was would not have seemed funny to Puck. Now once again he is free to wander everywhere, through bush, through briar; but he is graver, all that thinking has made him a sadder and a wiser elf. He does not want the bowl of porridge which the

children propose to set out for him in the schoolroom that they have left off calling the nursery, though he thanks them very politely. He has no mischief left in him. He brings them home in time for tea as punctually as if he were their governess. He acts, as he says himself, like a chorus, kindly explaining that Vectis means the Isle of Wight and *Aquæ Solis* "Bath, where the buns come from," when they are puzzled by the allusions of the young Roman. The young Roman in Britain is, of course, own cousin to the young Englishman in India, whose virtues we know in other Tales; and this is as it should be. When he receives a letter from his General and Emperor, Maximus, and the last words are "Greeting and Good-bye!" they have such an English sound that they draw us closer to him even than the old beautiful "Hall and Farewell!", Puck's taste for good company has improved since that Midsummer Night when he showed such a marked preference for Bully Bottom. A *ci-devant* god, a Norman knight, a Centurion of the Thirtieth, an architect who knew Sebastian Cabot, a Jew physician who persuaded Stephen Langton to alter the text of *Magna Charta* and forced King John to sign it—these are people "worth knowing," and at first Puck is much more at home with them than with "old Hobden," about whose family he becomes confused in a very mortal manner, asserting that he talked with him a year or two before the Conquest.

"If you mean old Hobden the hedger, he's only seventy-two. He told us so himself," said Dan. "He's a intimate friend of ours."

"You're quite right," Puck replied. "I meant old Hobden's ninth great-grandfather."

All this is very charming, but we feel the age of Puck, not his immortal baby-boyhood. He is slightly American too, and fond of saying "Sure-ly."

The story of the conquest of the Norman by the Saxon lady is one of the most delicate things in fiction, and the song that follows, "Now England hath taken me," is almost worthy of the exquisite reticence of the prose. Kipling has written little about love, often and often about friendship. He never paid friendship a stateller tribute than that which he pays to it in the tale of Parnesius and his friend Pertinax, the man without hope. Once more the two go forth—

In the naked hills beyond the naked houses, where the shadows of the clouds play like cavalry charging, you see puffs of black smoke from the mines. The hard road goes on and on—and the wind sings through your helmet-plume.

Once more the Roman Wall is manned, the long, thin, straggling town of eighty miles across the country—the little foolish Picts betray the Romans to the invaders from the North in their winged helmets and the "Winged Hats" to the Romans—once more the blinding battle rages in the snow—"there were jests in plenty on the Wall to take the place of food"—once more the desperate post is held, the reinforcements arrive. It *cannot* have happened so many hundred years ago—we hold our breath as we read—it is happening now. So it is indeed all the world over.

My friends, it is above all things strange to see how men bear ill news! Often the strongest till then become the weakest, while the weakest, as it were, reach up and steal strength from the Gods.

We know of only one book that we should like, if space permitted, to compare with "Puck" in detail, and that is Mr. De La Mare's "Henry Brocken." The sense of time is treated — although for different ends — with

the like brilliant originality. Church architecture is, for a wonder, not Rudyard Kipling's *forte*, and the architect fails to "come right." He has drawn a far better artist than this fellow. But the Jew in "The Treasure and the Law" is magnificent, the Jew being so that the children felt both proud and ashamed at the same time—the Jew with the gleaming jewel that shone under his robe of white fur "like a star through falling snow." Two descriptive passages are irresistible, one because it is perfect earth, the other because it is perfect Faërie. In the first Parnesius is telling the children how he and his friend Pertinax were made Captains of the Wall.

So we went into the moonlight, where they were cleaning the ground after the games. We saw great Roma Dea atop of the Wall, the frost on her helmet, and her spear pointed towards the North Star. We saw the twinkle of night fires all along the guard towers, and the line of the black catapults growing smaller and smaller in the distance. All these things we knew till we were weary; but that night they seemed very strange to us, because the next day we knew we were to be their masters.

In the second passage Puck is explaining to the children, who knew it before, that "the People of the Hills" are not like fairies in common fairy stories:

"Can you wonder," said Puck, "that the People of the Hills don't care to be confused with that painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar-and-shake-your-head set of impostors? Butterfly-wings, indeed! I've seen Sir Huon and a troop of his people setting off from Tintagel Castle for Hy-Brazil in the teeth of a sou'-westerly gale, with the spray flying all over the Castle, and the Horses of the Hill wild with fright. But they'd go in a lull, screaming like gulls, and back they'd be driven five good miles inland before they could

come head to wind again. Butterfly-wings! It was Magic—Magic as black as Merlin could make it, and the whole sea was green fire and white foam with singing mermaids in it. And the Horses of the Hill picked their way from one wave to another by the lightning flashes! That was how it was in the old days!"

It is a great misfortune to the poetically minded to have read Longfellow in youth, although no one (because a first love is a first love) can ever persuade them of this. A fatal facility is engendered; they find it easier ever after to write plenty of good verse, like Longfellow, than to write a little good poetry, and people who think that silver-gilt is just the same as gold, only shinier, are much better pleased. There are snatches of song in Rudyard Kipling's works (witness, "There were three dead men that buried the fourth," and many another) that might hold their own with those in "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering." When we come upon a true poem of his, it has the rarity—also the charm—of a fluke. Careful to a degree in his faultless prose, which becomes more and more beautiful as time goes on, he takes his ease as if he had nothing else to do when he gets into metre. He is at his best and almost at his worst in this volume. Puck's song is spoilt by a silly ending. O Puck, carefully, indeed, should you have sung, if you meant to sing at all—remembering how you sang once! "The more we know, the less we do. Only the fool says 'I dare.'" The Dane Songs are not good enough for Danes; and the Runes on Weland's Sword are like nothing so much as Wagner's libretto of "Siegfried" without Wagner's music. Next door to these comes a true poem:—

Cities and Thrones and Powers,  
Stand in Time's Eye,  
Almost as large as flowers,  
Which daily die:

But, as new buds put forth,  
To glad new men,  
Out of the spent and unconsidered  
Earth,

The Cities rise again.

"The Smuggler's Song" and "The Bee Boy's Song" have a fascination of their own. Very fine is the song to Mithras, God of the Morning; very simple and lovely the Children's Song at the end.

Help me to need no aid from men,  
That I may help such men as need!  
*London Times.*

There was pride in that earlier petition of this poet, a noble pride, if ever pride be noble; the later prayer is wiser, more touching, more human in its deep humility:—

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,

By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;

That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College is the author of a series of "Letters to Sunday School Teachers," which, having first been printed in certain Sunday-school papers are now reprinted by The Pilgrim Press. They are direct, suggestive and helpful in a high degree.

Gustav Kobbé's "Famous American Songs" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is an account by a competent musical critic of the origin of Home, Sweet Home, Old Folks at Home, Dixie, Ben Bolt, the Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, Hall Columbia, America and other American songs, with facts relating to their authors and their history. The book is attractively printed in black letter, and there are numerous portraits and other illustrations.

Readers who have been reached by the present rather curious revival of interest in William Blake, which no one has been able to explain except as an instance of that periodicity of literary and artistic reputation which has often been noticed, will welcome the attractive new edition of Mr. Swinburne's critical essay upon Blake, which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish. In spite of the difficulties which Mr. Swin-

burne's prose style presents, this book is a keen, discriminating and illuminating piece of work, which repays thoughtful reading.

Rev. Charles E. Jefferson's "The World's Christmas Tree," which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish in suitable holiday dress, is a discourse which urges the need of a broader Christmas spirit, which shall look beyond the mere giving or exchanging of such gifts as are displayed in the shop-windows to the bringing in of faith and hope and love, sympathy and kindness, and the other gifts of the spirit which, widely distributed, would make this a different world to live in. The world's Christmas tree, which Dr. Jefferson sees in a vision of better times than these, is a tree of opportunity, service and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Henry C. Shelley's "Literary By-Paths in Old England" (Little, Brown & Co.) is the work of a writer who has both the literary and the newspaper sense, and is able to select unhackneyed and significant material and to present it with directness and an unstudied charm. His by-paths have led him to places associated with Carlyle, Hood, Keats, Wordsworth, Cole-

ridge and other of the English poets, and he has been fortunate enough to secure unpublished letters and other personal material pertaining to them. He is also expert with the camera, and the more than one hundred excellent illustrations which add to the beauty and interest of his book are reproductions of his own photographs. Altogether, these are pleasant paths which he opens up, and he is an agreeable guide along them.

Mark Twain's characteristic humor appears in his shorter stories quite as strikingly as in his more extended writings; and the book called from the opening story "The \$30,000 Bequest" will be found by no means the least diverting of the volumes in the uniform edition of his works which Harper & Brothers are now publishing. There are nearly forty stories and sketches in all, and among them are several—such as *Eve's Diary*, *Extracts from Adam's Diary*, *A Dog's Tale*, and *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*, which have before been published in separate volumes. With the rest there are short and whimsical letters to newspapers upon current events, and midway in the book, by a curious arrangement, is a biographical sketch of the author by Samuel E. Moffett. There are a dozen or more illustrations.

The solitary set in families may be saved from starvation, but his fate is so little enviable that it is strange that it has not often been made the subject of fiction, but has waited for Ivan Strannik to use it in his "The Shadow of the House." In this story the Solitary is a young orphan living with her grandparents, and four great aunts, in the house with her two cousins, their husbands and their ten children, all expected to attend the solemn weekly gathering which is al-

most their sole diversion. Nervous, unprovided with any sort of guiding principle, never having been really ruled, the girl eagerly seeks for some means of escape from galling routine and marries only to find herself, her husband and her child still dominated by the family, and even her lover held by its spell. Compared with such Russian novels as ordinarily find American translators, the story is as Jane Austen to Mrs. Radcliffe, and it is to be hoped that there are to be more of its species. McClure, Phillips & Co.

That no one but Arthur Christopher Benson could have written "The House of Quiet" was the conviction of not a few readers, on the first appearance of the book, more than two years ago, and it has deepened as the circulation of the book has widened through edition after edition. Now, in a new edition, the eighth, Mr. Benson acknowledges the authorship, and gives, in a characteristic preface, his reasons for first publishing it anonymously. These are, briefly, that he has no gift for novel-writing, but that he wished to construct a picture of a life that should succeed in being useful and happy under heavy and hampering restrictions. He found that he could do this to best advantage in the form of an apparent autobiography, and this, of course, required the withholding of his name. But no explanations were really necessary. Readers who have enjoyed the delicate and delightful quality of the book will prize it the more for knowing that they are indebted to Mr. Benson for it. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dr. Robert Kilburn Root's "The Poetry of Chaucer" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is intended, as the sub-title explains, as a guide to the study and appreciation of Chaucer's poetry. It appeals not only to students in the

schools and universities who find Chaucer prescribed for them and approach him with misgiving, but to others who have made the discovery that Chaucer may be read for pleasure, and that the quaintness of his language need be no serious deterrent to that pleasure. Dr. Root does not attempt a formal biography of Chaucer but touches incidentally upon his life in connection with his works. He prefaces his analysis of the poems with a chapter in which he attempts to make the reader familiar with England as it was in Chaucer's time, and another in which he gives a general characterization of the poet. His studies of the poems are acute, discriminating and not overloaded with detail. Whoever undertakes the reading of Chaucer with this friendly book as his guide will find the poems full of unsuspected humor and wisdom and great beauty.

"The English Patents of Monopoly" by William Hyde Price, instructor in political economy in the University of Wisconsin, is the first fruit of the David A. Wells prize at Harvard and is published by the President and Fellows of Harvard College from the income of the David A. Wells fund, and from the press of Houghton Mifflin & Co. It is precisely the sort of book which would scarcely have been undertaken, or if undertaken might not have seen the light except for the encouragement derived from such a fund. It embodies the results of painstaking investigation of the documents at first hand which relate to the internal monopolies established in England by royal letters-patent during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It treats of the political and industrial aspects of these undertakings and takes up in detail such applications of the system as the glass patents, the royal alum works, the salt monopolies, the soap corporations and special patents in

the iron industry. It is compactly and lucidly written and opens auspiciously the economic monographs which the David A. Wells fund was intended to encourage.

The frankness of the Scandinavian, embarrassing although it may be in diplomacy, or even in ordinary social intercourse, becomes meritorious when applied to autobiography, and the early chapters of Mr. George Brandes's "Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth" are as frank and as minute in detail as if written in answer to the examination of a professional psychologist. The record of the later years if less free in its revelations is differentiated from the innumerable American and English memoirs of the last twenty years by the author's critical quality, almost automatic in its action, thanks to long usage. He met countless noteworthy persons, from John Stuart Mill to Miss Vinnie Ream. Long accustomed to detach his judgment from his self-consciousness he criticises as he breathes, and so his pages record reasoned opinions not only of men, but of countries, customs, history, diplomacy, a thousand matters which an ordinary mind accepts stolidly and simply. It is this quality by which his book will be judged and preserved for many a year after records less frank and less complex are forgotten. Duffield & Co.

Mr. Jack London has given his "Call of the Wild" a counterpart in "White Fang," for in it he describes the processes by which a wolf with a dog among its ancestry is gradually tamed by contact with man and adopts all the habits of the dog, even to watching his master's home and property. The early chapters recall the author's first work by their vivid descriptions of cold, and of human suffering

under its stress. The later in which the animal and the human interest combine, lack the savagery of "The Call of the Wild" and are none the worse on that account. "Moon Face," Mr. London's second book this season, is a volume of short stories, two having their scene laid in a newspaper office, two dealing with science, one satirizing the thirst for gold, and one elevating the fraudulent planchette to the position of a miracle worker. One story describing a murderous scheme for blackmailing capitalists is capable of working so much harm that its publication should be matter of profound regret for all good citizens. Neither Mr. London nor any other author, however great his native ability, can afford to employ any part of it in producing literature of this species. Macmillan Company.

Mr. E. Boyd Smith's pictures and decorations, would make "The Flock" an attractive volume were its leaves otherwise blank, but the text of Mrs. Mary Austin contains so much that is new and introduces the reader to a world so novel that the work is not only valuable for its descriptions, but is in many parts as absorbing as a story. The headings of the chapters, each one accompanied by its special device, now a ram's head, now a hand holding a crook, and again a wolf's head, are *The Coming of the Flocks, the Sun in Aries, A Shearing, The Hireling Shepherd, The Long Trail, The Open Range, The Flock, The Gobetweens, The Strife of the Herdsmen, Liers in Wait, The Sheep and the Reserves, Ranchos Tejon, and The Shade of the Arrows*. Each has a small picture for its heading and a still smaller for its tail piece, and here and there in the text, at happily chosen points, are

other pictures, so delicately drawn that they need not fear the test of the magnifying glass. The title page, printed in vermillion and black, has a vignette of a patriarch of the flock, and the frontispiece shows the sheepherder, who is not to be confounded with the shepherd, mounted and leading his flock and his dogs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A black lily, a phosphoric rose or two," were the blossoms that Lafcadio Hearn desired to pluck from the fields of Chinese literature, and for his first volume, "Some Chinese Ghosts," published almost twenty years ago, he made a collection, rare and precious for that time, pleasing and valuable forever. His friends have made more than one endeavor to explain his unique and exquisite talent since his making of books came to an end and one has even endeavored to show that its foundation was only myopia and the loss of an eye. Those who read and admired him even in the years when he brightened a decorous New Orleans paper with a daily half column of reflection or description, will hardly accept this opinion, for deficiency is not the parent of such work as his, painstaking to the minutest detail, and piercing in imaginative quality; but "Chinese Ghosts" chiefly reveals the former quality, the tales being of native origin and the imagination having only to supply details, but such details as they are! The bare skeleton of the original story disappears in imagery and even the dull eyes of the West may see the marvels for which the East needs but a word. The book is not so curious as his later work drawn from Japanese sources, but of its kind it is perfect. Little, Brown & Co.